

# LIFE REVIEW'D

A  
P O E M;

FOUNDED ON REFLECTIONS UPON THE SILENT  
INHABITANTS OF THE

CHURCH YARD OF TRURO,

IN THE

COUNTY OF CORNWALL,

WITH

A N E L E G Y

ON THE LATE

REV. MR. SAMUEL WALKER,

WHO WAS MANY YEARS CURATE OF THAT BOROUGH,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE LORD'S PRAYER, CREED,

AND

TEN COMMANDMENTS.

PARAPHRASED, &c.

BY ELIZABETH SMITH. *K*

The clearest View of Life that Mortals have,  
Is taken near some honourable Grave :  
Then let's not fall its Estimate to make,  
Before the final Trumpet sounds—AWAKE !

G L O C E S T E R :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY R. RAKEB.

M D C C L X X X I I I .

LIFE REVIEW

M

O

HURON TARD OF TARD

COUNTY OF CORVALLIS



THE BRITISH MUSEUM

THE LORD PRATON CREED

THE COMMANDMENT

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY

BY THE REV. FREDERICK

THE REV. FREDERICK  
THE REV. FREDERICK  
THE REV. FREDERICK

THE REV. FREDERICK

THE REV. FREDERICK

THE REV. FREDERICK



T O

M R S. W I L L S,

Wife of the REV. THOMAS WILLS, late of  
*St. Agnes, in Cornwall.*

M A D A M,

THE constant Practice of Benevolence, Piety, and Humanity, wherein you exercised yourself during your Residence in *Cornwall*; more than those honourable Titles by which your Family is distinguished; is the Motive that induces me to dedicate the following Sheets to your Patronage; being assured, that the habitual Goodness of your Heart, which overflows with universal Love to all, will incline you to overlook the consequent Errors of an inaccurate Pen, and pardon the Liberty of endeavouring to veil its Defects under the Sanction of a Name, which every sincere Friend to Virtue and *Christianity* must revere.

I flatter myself that, though the Execution of this small Work comes vastly short of doing Justice to the Merits of those whose Memory is hereby attempted to be perpetuated, the Design alone will recommend it to the Approbation of you and the excellent Gentleman, who (next to the Supreme Being) holds the first Place in your Affections; and is a competent Judge, how far Truth hath guided this faint Description of their different Characters; particularly that of the truly pious Divine, from whom he, and many other eminent Christians received their most early and salutary Instructions.

No interested Views from opulent Survivors, have herein dictated to the Pen; neither are undeserved Encomiums lavished on the deceased, nor fabulous Virtues laid down as a Pattern for Imitation.

You are yourself, Madam, a living Evidence, that uniform Goodness is not impracticable:---The unwearied Affiduity, and various Methods whereby you endeavoured to promote and encourage Religion and Piety around you, are still recent in the Memory of Hundreds in the Neighbourhood, lately blessed with your Residence; and the loud Lamentations and Floods of Tears shed by the Indigent at your Departure (of which I was a Witness) testified, that you fed the Hungry, cloathed the Naked, was Eyes to the Blind, and Feet to the Lame.--- Under these Considerations, I have presumed to address these Poems to you; and if they are found worthy your Acceptance, it will add to the Favours already received from you, and confer the greatest Honour on,

M A D A M,

Your most obliged,

Humble Servant,

ELIZABETH SMITH.

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## LIFE REVIEW'D.

AS oft as I survey this hallow'd Ground,  
And solitary trace its awful Round,  
By Turns the silent sleeping Beds draw near,  
Of Friends, Companions, or Relations dear;  
Late the kind Sharers of each chearful Hour,  
But Pris'ners now to Death's all-conq'ring Pow'r,  
In those dark Caverns, whence they cannot rise,  
'Till the last Trump' shall call them to the Skies;  
Then ev'ry Nerve (tho' into Atoms hurl'd)  
Shall re-unite, and join th' assembling World.  
Conscience (inspir'd from each obscure Abode)  
Crys out, Prepare! prepare! to meet thy God!  
Aloud proclaims a Day of final Doom,  
Which Sound re-echoes from each neighb'ring Tomb.  
Vault after Vault, and Grave on Grave appear,  
The High, the Low, the Fool, the Wife, lie here;

B

Here

Here all Disputes are hush'd, Diffensions cease,  
 And each partakes profound, *untasted* Peace,  
 Heedless of Grandeur past, the noblest Bust  
 Dissolves, or mingles with the Peasant's Dust.  
 Titles, Distinctions, Precedence, and Names,  
 Contested once, might set the World in Flames,  
 Now reconcil'd, no more to Feuds give Birth,  
 But blend promiscuous in the Womb of Earth;  
 Where deep Oblivion's Reign obscures each Sense,  
 Strict Silence seals the Tongues of Eloquence,  
 Inaction binds each nervous powerful Arm,  
 And foul Corruption blights each former Charm;  
 Humour and Wit desert this dreary Spot  
 Where Arts and Sciences are all forgot;  
 "As much by Him who Life to Day resign'd  
 "As those who've slept for Ages out of Mind \*."  
 Here Persecution can no more infect,  
 And Merit from Detraction is redrest:  
 Fell Envy's Sting dislodg'd, all Discord fled,  
 A solemn Stillness reigns among the Dead.

In yon distinguished, unincumbered Spot\*  
 (Tho' not exempted from the common Lot,  
 Nature's great Debt discharg'd to Earth consign'd  
 There rest the Relicts of a noble Mind;†  
 Whose Splendour an unnumber'd Number fed,  
 That under his Auspices earn'd their Bread;  
 His Looks depending Thousands kept in Awe,  
 His Form spoke Majesty, his Word a Law;  
 Of Knowledge gained by few he was possess'd,  
 And with Successes eminently blest'd;

\* A particular Part of the consecrated Ground where those, whose Circumstances will not afford to pay the required Premium, were not permitted to be buried.

† The late *William Lemon*, Esq; Grandfire to the present Sir *William Lemon*, Bart. This Gentleman was graceful and manly in his person, over which was diffused an expressive Grandeur, which exacted Homage from all who approached him: Yet in his Behaviour towards those with whom he conversed, open, easy, and free. He was endowed with an extraordinary Share of intellectual Qualifications, and in various Degrees of extensive Knowledge excelled most of his Cotemporaries. He had the Honour of being held in high Estimation by some of the first Personages in this Kingdom, and the Pleasure of seeing himself the Benefactor of great Numbers of the lower Class, by encouraging Labourers and Artificers of almost every Denomination. He closed an active and beneficial Life in the Year 1760.



New Plans devis'd, by which himself he made  
 The Arm of Commerce, and Support of Trade;  
 Improvements still held forth to public View,  
 Tending to please, to help, and succour too;  
 At once t' engage the Pleasure-seeking Eye,  
 And all th' industrious Labourer's Needs supply  
 Rural Recesses, Halcyon Retreats,  
 Exalted Structures, and delightful Seats;  
 (Magnificence, with Beauty, grac'd the whole,  
 Spreading the Owner's Name from Pole to Pole);  
 He form'd, nor less did his strong Coffers hold;  
 Treasures of Wealth, uncounted Heaps of Gold.  
 Thus to the Age of Man arriv'd, he then  
 With Honour clos'd his threescore Years and ten:  
 Such was the Man whom *Plebians* now survey  
 Beneath their Feet, reduc'd to common Clay,  
 On the same Level with the abject Poor,  
 "'Tis all He is"—*dead*:—*Monarchs* are no more!  
 When the grim Tyrant has his warrant giv'n,  
 And comes commission'd from the Court of Heav'n.  
No

No human Power his Forces can withstand,  
 Nor Angel's Arm repel his lifted Hand:  
 Regardless of Distinctions, Sex, or Age,  
 He conquers all with whom he dares t' engage.  
 For lo! beneath this memorable Tomb,  
 Victim to Death's Arrest in Manhood's Bloom,  
 All earthly Confidence hence to destroy,  
 A Father's Hope, and doating Mother's Joy,  
 Lies, th' only Son\*; them Providence had given,  
 The greatest Blessing they enjoy'd from Heav'n;  
 To their large Fortune, and joint Virtues, Heir;  
 Their mutual Cares this much-lov'd Youth did share,  
 But Fate, to mortal Happinefs severe,  
 Invaded e'er he reach'd his thirtieth Year;

\* Mr. *Charles Peters*, Jun. was endowed with every Accomplishment requisite to form the complete Gentleman in the most extensive Comprehension of that Title, and adorn the Possession of the affluent Fortune to which his birth entitled him.--He was easy of Access, free, and condescending to all Men; his Amusements were rational and manly; and a peculiar Moderation therein, together with the constant Practice of every moral Virtue, distinguished him from most of his Age and Rank. As a civil Magistrate his Conduct was exemplary, and in every relation in Life praiseworthy.

Physical

Physicall Skill in vain essay'd to save  
 The destin'd Victim from an early Grave :  
 Yet whilst his Conduct Mem'ry shall retain,  
 Tho' short his Race, he lived not in vain ;  
 A Pattern for succeeding great and small,  
 Courteously kind, and affable to all ;  
 By no rude Passions was this Mind beguil'd,  
 His Carriage humble, and his Temper mild ;  
 Cheerfully grave and elegantly plain,  
 Pride he despis'd, with all her baneful Train :  
 Upon his Lips no guileful Treach'ry hung,  
 Nor Falshood stain'd the Tenor of his Tongue ;  
 When public Offices became his Care,  
 Lenity mingled with meek Justice there :  
 In private Life, what meeting Virtues blend !  
 The duteous Son, kind Brother, stedfast Friend :  
 To him Distress unheeded ne'er complain'd,  
 Alike by Vice and Avarice unstain'd ;  
 To Heaven's Appointment happily resign'd,  
 Serene he died, and left Life's Pomp behind.  
 May



May such Examples point our Thoughts to rise  
 From Earth, and soar to Mansions in the Skies ;  
 'Twixt Gain, Ambition, and vain Folly's Call,  
 Keep the strict mean, indiff'rent to them all,  
 Answ'ring (when each for Eminence contends)  
 Here Folly ceases, and Ambition ends.\*

Thus when we ruminatè, where Laurel blooms,  
 O'er Hero's Monuments, and Conqu'ror's Tombs,  
 They add no more, but this strict Truth maintains,  
 " Nought but a Heap of putrid Clay remains."

In this same Sepulchre with filial Care  
 Interred, here rest the venerable Pair,†  
 Whose prosp'rous Days did long and cloudless run,  
 'Till Death depriv'd them of their darling Son ;  
 Suddenly snatch'd him from their feeble Arms,  
 And strip'd the World of her delusive Charms :

\* The Grave.

† Mr. and Mrs. *Peters*, the Parents of Mr. *Charles Peters*, Jun. were as universally respected as known ; they lived happily, unmolested by the Severity of Fate till their advanced Age, when they received their portion of temporal Affliction in the loss of this amiable young gentleman.

Whence

Whence sadly taught by the instructive Foe,  
 That Vanity's the End of all below ;  
 They earnest long'd to close the painful Strife  
 Nor longer draw the heavy Clog of Life.  
 Being its Inheritance reserv'd to know  
 When Strength ebb'd out, and ev'ry Pulse beat low,  
 In their last Stage by one faint Evening Ray  
 Doom'd to support the Burthen of the Day.  
 Alarming Circumstance ! but none can be  
 Mortal, and from all human Sorrows free :  
 Life on us Death, and Pains, and Cares doth bind,  
 And Suff'ring is the Lot of all Mankind :  
 Thro' Time's dark Passage, Woe's impetuous Flood,  
 O'erwhelms alike the Evil and the Good.  
 Those walk'd with Caution, and no Aft appears,  
 To blot the long Succession of their Years ;  
 Humility and Kindness were their Guide,  
 Blameless they liv'd, and virtuously they died.  
 Near to this Spot, but where no Trace appears,  
 Since twenty-one long circulating Years

Hath

Hath levell'd all, and left no Mark, whereby  
 To point the Cave out where his Dust doth lye.  
 Who, tho' distinguish'd by no superb Birth,  
 Nor founding Title of the High on Earth,  
 Possess'd an humble Heart and gen'rous Mind,  
 Those brightest Ornaments of Human Kind.  
 No temp'ral Disappointments cou'd defeat  
 His Hopes, which ne'er aspir'd at being great ;  
 To live content and peaceful, was the Plan  
 Of this humane, benev'lent, worthy Man :  
 For his own Uses, and to help the Poor,  
 He ever found Supplies ; nor grasp'd at more ;  
 But did his Mite to Misery impart,  
 With lib'ral Hand, and sympathizing Heart.  
 To Kindness ready, and to Anger slow,  
 During his Life he never made a Foe ;  
 But did to all Mankind good Will extend,  
 And ev'ry Individual was his Friend.  
 To him for Succour oft the Helpless fled,  
 His needy Neighbour at his Table fed ;



The houseless Stranger, with Fatigue oppress'd,  
 Beneath his Roof, Refreshment found and Rest;  
 When chearful Friends sat round his festive Board,  
 (With hospitable Plenty aptly stor'd)  
 To Merit he did still direct the Toast,  
 And made him welcomest who wanted most.  
 Deceit and Guile his open Heart abhor'd,  
 He 'gainst the Innocent took no Reward,  
 Nor hasted Widows' Houses to devour,  
 But aided all unto his utmost Pow'r;  
 In all his Dealings he was just and true,  
 His Virtues many, and his Faults but few:  
 This Attestation Candour doth impel  
 From me, who knew his Principles so well.  
 Then, long and much lamented Relicks dear,  
 Accept the Tribute of a filial Tear,  
 Which grateful Nature to thy Mem'ry lends,  
 Thou best of Fathers, and thou best of Friends.  
 Were but thy Deeds of Charity here shown,  
 Characteriz'd upon the speaking Stone,

Then

Then for Instruction might Ambition come,  
 And find a Lesson in thy honest Tomb:  
 For if unfeigned general Love within,  
 And charitable Acts, atone for Sin,  
 And those entitle to Rewards divine,  
 The glorious Promise surely must be thine.  
 Blessings Heav'n gave thee here, yet did infill  
 Into thy Cup Consumption's bitter Ill;  
 Which with thy Nature wag'd a painful Strife,  
 And one incessant Struggle render'd Life:  
 But here thou slumber'st, not in Earth alone,  
 For thy Contemporaries, one by one,  
 Have almost all, since thou resign'dst thy Breath,  
 Been laid low with thee in the Vale of Death.  
 So we, who populate the present Age,  
 And act our Parts on Life's phantastic Stage,  
 Whilst, in their Turn, for us our Children weep,  
 E'er long cut down, shall with our Fathers sleep.  
 Some premature doth Fate from Time divide,  
 Lopping the Branches while the Roots abide,

Stride o'er the lowly Shrub; and aims his Stroke;  
 Rapacious at the lofty-tow'ring Oak,  
 Which falls before him, and augments his Reign  
 O'er Heaps of Carcases and Crowds of Slain:  
 For in yon Dome, a hasty Prey to Fate,  
 (Just shot from Childhood's inoffensive State)  
 Lies her\*, late sprightly as the tender Fawn,  
 That bounding Gambols o'er the verdant Lawn;  
 Fair as the Morning of a Summer's Day,  
 And sweet as Flow'rets in the fragrant May;  
 Whilst most to charm her gentle Mind contends  
 Indulgent Parents and admiring Friends,  
 With all which cou'd the youthful Fancy please,  
 Successive Pleasures, Affluence and Ease,  
 She found below,—nothing cou'd Nature do  
 To make Life's Joys more permanently true;  
 But vain, alas! are all the Hopes of Man,  
 His Tenor brittle, and his Life a Span:

\* Miss Nancy Allen, who died in a Consumption when  
 she was about 17 Years of age.

Death,



Death, subtle Miner! work'd with certain Sloth,  
 Infus'd his Poison in her rapid Growth;  
 Thro' all her Vitals a dire Venom shed,  
 And rank'd the lovely Maid amongst the Dead;  
 Nor cou'd her Conquest glut th' insatiate Foe,  
 With fourfold Force he dealt his mighty Blow,  
 And three (not yet arriv'd at Man's Estate)  
 Promising Brothers shar'd her early Fate;  
 Perhaps collected to the peaceful Tomb  
 From gath'ring Clouds, and evil Days to come:  
 As from rude Winds and over-bearing Show'rs,  
 Men guard with prudent Care the tenderest Flow'rs,  
 So those safe shelter'd's to be understood,  
 Who die betimes, whilst innocent and good,  
 Greatly distinguish'd in Heav'n's wise Intents,  
 Which only does foresee and rule Events.

Th' adjacent Pile contains a much-lov'd Friend\*,  
 Whose Principles all Nature must commend;

There

\* Mrs. Mary Newton, who died in March, 1777, aged  
 about 24, in Child-Bed. She was deservedly and universally  
 lamented

There Sense with Sweetness jointly did combine,  
 And variegated Charms did round her shine ;  
 Above Disguise, a Stranger to Deceit,  
 She neither scorn'd the Low, nor fear'd the Great;  
 But was from each Extreme alike remov'd,  
 To all obliging, and by all belov'd.  
 With Sentiments refin'd her Bosom glow'd,  
 Which from her Tongue in soft Persuasion flow'd;  
 Her Conversation, innocently gay,  
 Made Hours and Days unheeded glide away :  
 Tho' sparkling Wit supremely she possess'd,  
 Good-nature govern'd in her gen'rous Breast ;  
 Industrious to suppress an ill Report,  
 And blunt the Edge of Scandal's cruel Court ;  
 Each injur'd Name with Warmth she did defend,  
 Ever most pleas'd, when most she could befriend :  
 'Twas universal Love inform'd her Soul,

And solid Judgment crown'd the finish'd Whole ;

lamented by all who particularly knew her. She was a  
 chearful Companion, and an agreeable Friend ; endowed  
 with an eminent Share of sprightly Wit, blended with so-  
 lid Reason, and every other Qualification requisite to com-  
 plete an amiable Woman.

Early

Early esteem'd, the young became a Wife,  
 And *Mother*, then resign'd her valued Life!  
 A sudden Chill damp'd all her vital Powers,  
 As blust'ring Winds consume the fairest Flowers;  
 O penfive Thought! O melancholy Theme!  
 Which makes the Mind with sad Reflections teem,  
 In Bloom of Youth and circling Joys! cut down;  
 Others in Prime of Age and fair Renown:  
 Can none of those succeed to purchase Breath?  
 Or from his Purpose bribe the Monster Death?  
 All, all, together join'd, their Force must fail,  
 Nor can the purest Virtues thus prevail.  
 Then what is Life? its pompous vain Parade?  
 The empty Shadow of a fleeting Shade;  
 Its Hopes a Bubble, its best Joys a Toy,  
 Which Chance may break, or Accident destroy.  
 Tho' Worldly Minds, Ambition's Slaves conspire  
 To raise their Names and build their Fortunes higher.  
 Thus runs our Title, on receiving Breath,  
 Sin's Subject, Sons of Woe, and Heirs of Death;  
 Which



Which Sentence all Mankind shall doubtless share,  
How e'er divided in their Stations here.

Lab'rinth of Ills, yet Path to Worlds of Blifs,  
If well improv'd the Good received in this:

Th' opulent Man who worships with his Store,  
And the meek Bearing of the patient Poor,  
Alike, in the approving Eye of *Heaven*,

Shall find Acceptance, and Reward be given:

In whose large Mercies and Paternal Care,  
The Prince and Beggar have an equal Share.  
Distinct our sev'ral Lots are made below.

For wise Intents which we're forbid to know;  
The well-wrought Chain in due Proportions roll,  
And various Links but constitute the Whole.

With Earnestness no State's to be desir'd,  
Where much is giv'n, there will be much requir'd,  
And Indigence, with wild Impatience borne,

Incurs Heav'n's Anger and eternal Scorn;

It matters not who did in Power excel,

Who suffer'd most, but who have acted well;

Life's

Life's choicest Gifts thus used, its Struggles past,  
 Obedient Dust returns to Dust at last,  
 But the wing'd Spirit instant upward flies,  
 (Borne by good Deeds and Faith thro' pendant Skies)  
 To those pure Plains of perfect Peace and Love,  
 Th' harmonious Mansions of the Blest above.

How sweet to view the Just! what a Perfume  
 Of Grace and Glory rises round their Tomb!  
 This Marble *here* points out M. R. Esquire\*,  
 Reflection draws th' imperfect Motto higher;

\* The plain Marble Stone, which this refers to, is marked only with M. R. the Date, Age, &c. but denotes the Grave of *Michael Russell, Esq.* He was a Gentleman of great Fortune, which he chiefly dedicated to the Relief of the Neceffitous; avoiding even the least Appearance of Pomp and vain Glory, his Associates were chosen more for their Eminence in Piety and Religion than the Advantages of Birth or Fortune, to be truly good was a never-failing Passport to his Bosom Friendship; it might justly be said, "His Delight was in the Saints that were in the Earth." Those two bright Luminaries of Christianity, the late Rev. Mr. *Samuel Walker* and Mr. *George Canon*, were his most particular Intimates, through whose unwearied Assiduity and stedfast Perseverance in the Promotion of Religion and Virtue, it is no Way to be doubted but Thousands of Souls in the last Day will be added to the Number of the Blessed.

D

Causing

Causing just Mem'ry in strong Lines to paint

“ Here rest the Manes of a distinguish'd Saint,

Who, tho' of Fortune high, of Birth elate,

Deign'd to descend to Men of low Estate;

Proof 'gainst the Worldling's Sneer & Sland'r's Rod,

He persever'd in Truth to worship God;

Terrestrial Honour, with her gaudy Train

Of Pomp and Pleasures, spread her Net in vain;

To those Assaults he nobly scorn'd to yield,

And under Christian Banners won the Field.

Hope was his Helmet, and his chiefest Dress

The flowing Robes of Faith and Righteousness:

From Satan's Snare's unhurt he did remain,

To Christ he liv'd, and died 't'immortal Gain.”

Within\*, rever'd in Death, as lov'd in Life,

Lies his meek, humble, charitable Wife;

(Each

\* In the Church.

† Mrs. Russell was descended from a Family of Eminence both in Rank and Fortune, and no less distinguishable for their Benevolence and extensive Charity. She was adorned with every Advantage of Person and Accomplishment of Mind that



(Each, equally prepar'd for Life or Death,  
 At distant Periods yielded up their Breath):  
 Of all his Virtues largely she partook,  
 There a Saint's Mind shone thro' an Angel's Look,  
 In her, who every christian Grace possess  
 That can refine and purify the Breast;  
 Strict Piety, with soft Compassion join'd,  
 Fill'd all her Moments, and her spotless Mind;  
 Thus consecrating Time and temp'ral Store  
 To help and succour the surrounding Poor;  
 She held for each particular Distress  
 A Heart to pity, and a Hand to bless:  
 Anguish to sooth, the Disconsolate to cheer,  
 To wipe from Mis'ry's Eye the falling Tear,

can possibly center in the human Frame; and even in advanced Age bore such an Impress of Loveliness and Grace, that every Beholder admired and venerated her; she fed the Hungry and clothed the Naked, was Eyes to the Blind, and Feet to the Lame, yet never discovered the least Propensity to Ostentation, and avoided (as much as possible) all popular Applause. A warm Heart and an humble Soul actuated all her Deeds, which alone tended to advance the Glory of God, and the Welfare of Mankind.

Yielded those pure Delights she wish'd to know,  
 And which from virtuous Acts alone can flow.  
 Unceasingly her Deeds of Good did rise,  
 In balmy Odours to the smiling Skies ;  
 Th' approving Godhead, from his radiant Throne,  
 Well-pleas'd beheld, and stamp'd her for his own.  
 Shed thro' her Soul a sweet transcendent Joy,  
 Which Time, nor Chance, nor Death could 'ere  
 A Bliss the nat'ral Heart can ne'er conceive, [destroy  
 Libertines flight, and Worldlings disbelieve ;  
 But is a real existent Pleasure given,  
 A certain Earnest of a future Heaven,  
 Transfusing o'er the Mind a rapt'rous Peace,  
 Which thro' eternal Ages will encrease :  
 Such those enjoy'd in transient Time, and now  
 A Weight of Glory crowns each Victor's Brow ;  
 Together blest'd on the immortal Shore,  
 Disease can't reach, nor Death divide them more :  
 Tho' here they blaze not in the Lists of Fame,  
 The noblest Trophy is a virtuous Name ;

And

And theirs preserv'd with reverential Care,  
 Embalms the Mem'ry of this gracious Pair \*.  
 May it excite the Rich and Great to run  
 The Christian Race, doing as they have done ;  
 Duely t' improve the Talents Heav'n has lent  
 To answer its Design, and grand Intent ;  
 By kind Benevolence augment that Store,  
 They'll then enjoy when Time shall be no more ;  
 Like the wise Steward in yon Realms prepare,  
 When this World fails, sure Habitations there †.  
 This World, where we from Wave to Wave are tofs'd,  
 In Jeopardy possess'd, in using lost,  
 Its transient Joys, which shrinks from the Embrace,  
 And at each Turn Death stares us in the Face ;

\* " Hear what the Voice of Heav'n proclaims  
 " For all the pious Dead ;  
 " Sweet is the Savour of their Names,  
 " And soft their sleeping Bed."

WATTS.

† St. *Luke*, Chap. xvi. Verse 9.---" And I say unto you,  
 make to yourselves Friends of the Mammon of Unrighteous-  
 ness ; that when ye fail, they may receive you into ever-  
 lasting Habitations."

Who



Who hourly to his dark Dominion brings:  
 Infidels, Christians, Cottagers, and Kings:  
 The stoutest Champion can't resist this Foe,  
 Nor tender Infancy elude his Blow:  
 Had Innocence Exemption from his Reign,  
 This greedy Grave had op'd her Jaws in vain  
 To snatch her rich Contents, sweet Peace annoy,  
 And sap the Root of all my earthly Joy;  
 Which cent'ring there confess'd Death's ruthless Pow'r  
 And felt its Force in her departing Hour,  
 Whose Agonies my trembling Heart did share,  
 And each expiring Groan was echo'd there;  
 No second Means were left untry'd to save,  
 This beauteous Body from the dreary Grave.  
 Sweet Bloffom! thou first taught'st my Breast to prove  
 The warm Effusions of maternal Love,  
 Encreasing from the Infant it began,  
 Whilst twice & half Twelve Month their Courses ran,  
 When to that Height the tender Passion grew,  
 To part with Life seem'd less than part with you.

O'er

O'er all thy Frame what varying Charms did vie,  
 To fix with Pleasure my delighted Eye;  
 Thy inoffensive Prattle charm'd my Ear,  
 'Twas Bliss to see, and Harmony to hear:  
 Perhaps too much Affection might provoke,  
 The Hand of Heav'n to send the fatal Stroke,  
 Causing thy gentle Spirit to regain  
 Her native Skies, and leave me to complain;  
 Comfort refuse, and Consolation flight  
 In Sighing spend each Day, in Tears the Night;  
 'Till the wild Onsets of distracting Grief,  
 Mellow'd by stealing Time, procur'd Relief,  
 When Reason and Religion both combine  
 T' enforce Submission to the Hand divine \*;  
 Who neither wounds in Sport, nor shoots by Chance,  
 But thro' slight Ills does future Bliss advance.

\* " Saints! at your heav'nly Father's Word,

" Give up your Comforts to the Lord;

" He shall restore what you resign,

" Or grant you Blessings more divine."

WATTS

Then

Then Nature cease, nor longer fruitless mourn,  
 To her I haste, to me she'll ne'er return,  
 Who privileg'd high, forsook Life's thorny Road  
 Before its Ills laid on their bitter Load;  
 Disgusted at this World, the new-come Guest  
 Just peep'd thereon, and then retir'd to Rest.  
 Sleep on, dear Dust! untainted Soul, still rest  
 From all thy Labours, bask among the Blest,  
 Full in the Beams of thy Redeemer's Face,  
 And, thro' a Ray of his imparted Grace:  
 O! may my Soul with thine united share  
 Those springing Joys which bloom for ever there.  
 Nature recoils, and bids my Eyes survey  
 Th' Apartments of (to me) less striking Clay;  
 Which numerous in this Particle of Earth,  
 (Where solemn Thoughts receive immediate Birth)  
 Mark'd out by Nature from the common Herd,  
 For some peculiar Excellence prefer'd;  
 Whom Reason, Wit, or Beauty did adorn,  
 Lye here and there as scatter'd Grains of Corn;  
The



The Noble, Gen'rous, Candid, and Sincere,

The Sprightly, Active, Gay, and Debonair;

Some who in recent Years were fully known,

Others familiar by Report alone.

These lately mov'd, did all their Rights avow,

And acted as the bustling World does now;

And those divided from the Race of Man

E'er the Existence of this Age began.

\* Here's one late grac'd with an intrepid Mind,

Of noble Principles and Parts refin'd;

Whose

\* *Richard Hufsey*, Esq; who was an experienced Counsellor and judicious Member of Parliament. His Qualifications and Abilities for each of those Offices were manifested by the universal Desire of his officiating in them, and the general Satisfaction and Plaudit which attended all his disinterested Proceedings therein. Notwithstanding the Eminence and Importance of those Avocations which demanded his Attention, he preserved the most implicit filial Reverence towards his venerable Mother; the greatest Tenderness and Affection for his Sisters; a sincere Good-will towards (and Readiness to serve) his Fellow-Creatures; and a peculiar Kindness and Lenity to his Servants, who grew old under his Roof, and when he could no longer make Use of their Attendance, he bestowed on each what would enable them to spend the Remainder of their Days easy and comfortable. The Floods of Tears shed by Crowds of the

E

Poor

Whole Thoughts on Wisdom's highest Pinions soar'd,  
Whence Sense exalted guided ev'ry Word :

His Council Sorrow sooth'd, blind Rage disarm'd,

And as a well-tun'd Lute his Language charm'd ;

Corrected Reason all his Passions sway'd,

Judgment's just Balance all his Actions weigh'd ;

Quick to conceive, yet cautious to advance ;

Discerning Causes at a single Glance ;

He did each Turn and trite Avenue know

In Courts of Justice, and in Points of Law ;

The Right from Wrong judiciously divide,

Harangue with Candour, and with Truth decide.

When Council call'd to Cabinet Debate,

How mild, how strong, impartial and fedate,

His solid Arguments serenely flow'd,

And drew th' Applause of the surrounding Crowd.

Poor at his Grave attested the extensive Charity he exercised in private Donations, and gave a convincing Proof of his Observance of the Divine Command, viz. " Let not thy Right Hand know what thy Left Hand doth."

St. Matt. vi. 4.

To *Private* he prefer'd the *Public* Weal,  
 And did a patriotic Ardour feel ;  
 Measures, which servile Statesmen wou'd admit,  
 Oppos'd he with the Firmness of a *Pitt* ;  
 Collected in himself, disdaining Fear,  
 Alike he held his King and Country dear ;  
 Whom equally to serve, support, protect,  
 He persever'd, nor swerv'd thro' base Neglect ;  
 On Glory's Wing his Fame spread wide and far,  
 He grac'd the Senate, and adorn'd the Bar :  
 These when he died an Ornament resign'd,  
 The Destitute a Benefactor kind ;  
 Th' Oppress'd that Patron who'd their Rights defend,  
 Honour an Offspring, and Mankind a Friend,  
*Flavius* lies silent there, whom all admit,  
 Wore the keen Plume of double-pointed Wit ;  
 His varying Turns of Lively Humour brought  
 Perpetual Food for Vacancy of Thought ;  
 Which did a Banquet aptly stor'd prepare,  
 To kill the tedious Hours, and baffle Care ;



By pleasing Rhetoric he did still convey  
 Amusement to the Trifling, Vain, and Gay;  
 Vivacity with careless Ease combin'd  
 T' allure the Sense, and captivate the Mind:  
 A well concerted Jest, or jovial Song,  
 (The social Hour to heighten or prolong)  
 Stood ever ready, suited to prevent  
 Th' Approach of Care, and gloomy Discontent;  
 Serious Reflections were repuls'd in Haste;  
 The chearful Circle sprightly *Flavius* grac'd,  
 Where revell'd Mirth, in loud tumultuous Noise,  
 Light Diffipation, and exterior Joys:  
 His Converse shed around a jocund Glee,  
 Determin'd to be easy, blithe, and free:  
 His Arrows ne'er were pointed to offend  
 The boon Companion, or the cordial Friend;  
 Gay Pleasures round no Leisure gave to think,  
 Or near survey the Grave till on its Brink:  
 Thus sportive pass'd he Life's light Hours away,  
 'Till Fate her Victim claim'd, and Worms their Prey.  
Death's

Death's icy Grasp does likewise here unfold,  
*Amelia*, cast in Nature's fairest Mould;  
 Whose Graces such, none knew which charm'd  
 the most  
 Of this triumphant universal Toast:  
 The giddy Crowd admiring, did survey  
 (Whence numerous Conquests mark'd each rising  
 Day)

Her finish'd Form, too delicate to bear  
 Th' enliv'ning Sun, or renovating Air;  
 But when soft Breezes and mild Beams conspire  
 To blend the Lilly and the Roses higher,  
 By Adulation fir'd, her flutt'ring Breast  
 No other Hope imbib'd, nor Wish possess'd,  
 But uncontested Empire to maintain,  
 And thro' Youth's fleeting Hour the Pageant reign;  
 Unrivall'd still, to hold despotic Sway  
 O'er the Polite, the Volatile, and Gay:  
 Thus to Externals ev'ry Thought confin'd,  
 Uncultivated lay the nobler Mind,

'Till

'Till vengeful Time (who sues for sad Neglect)  
 Obscur'd those Graces which her Person deck'd;  
 With rapid Steps her Beauty did assail,  
 The Lilly pluck'd, and turn'd the Roses pale;  
 Obscur'd the Lustre of her sparkling Eyes,  
 Whence from her Face each Pow'r to conquer flies.  
 Emphatical she felt this stern Demand,  
 And view'd approaching Death with lifted Hand:  
 Alarm'd, then starting! woke as from a Trance,  
 And begg'd a Truce e'er he'd his Pow'rs advance;  
 Experimentally convinc'd (tho' late)  
 How transient Beauty's Bloom, and Pleasure's Date:  
 With deep Contrition, not to be express'd,  
 She turn'd to Heav'n, her num'rous Faults confess'd,  
 Compassion ask'd, thereon alone rely'd,  
 Calm Peace obtain'd, and unreluctant dy'd.  
 O, Grace divine! O, never-failing Flood!  
 Rich Efficacy of a Saviour's Blood,  
 Which on our Souls in plenteous Show'rs is sent,  
 When our Deserts are only Punishment,

By



By forfeiting, thro' a continual Strife  
 With Heav'n, all Claim to Everlasting Life:  
 Yet sov'reign Love, indulgent from on High,  
 Beholds us Creatures with a pitying Eye,  
 The Saviour, who on Mercy's Errand came,  
 And knows the Frailties of our mortal Frame,  
 Atonement pleads, excruciating Pain!  
 And prays his Blood may not be shed in vain;  
 Subdu'd the Father's Wrath, and ireful Frown,  
 He lays th' avenging Sword of Justice down;  
 Whilst Heav'n's Orchestra with Hosannahs ring,  
 To *David's* Son, and *Israel's* hallow'd King;  
 Whose positive unerring Word declares,  
 Reluctant he condemns, with Pleasure spares;  
 And binds such Union betwixt Earth and Heav'n,  
 That Angels glory in a Soul forgiv'n\*:  
 No Crimes so great *Christ's* Merits can't atone,  
 Nor Sin-pierced Soul excluded Mercy's Throne;

\* *St. Luke*, Chap. xv. Verse 7.---" I say unto you, that  
 " likewise Joy shall be in Heaven over one Sinner that re-  
 " penteth more than Ninety-nine just Persons which need  
 " no Repentance."

So the Distemper'd don't enhance the Wound,

Rolling in Sin that Mercy may abound\* ;

Resist the Holy Spirit in the Heart,

And, by resisting, bid that Guest depart ;

Thro' sensual Lusts the wretched Soul Debase,

Conviction shun, flight the Day of Grace :

To such th' Redeemer in his Gospel cries,

(Whilst Tears again bedew immortal Eyes†)

“ My Mediation was for the employ'd,

“ O, wretched Man! thou hast thyself destroy'd ;

“ How oft wou'd I (zealous for Mortals Good,

“ Just as the Hen collects her tender Brood‡)

“ Have ta'en thy Soul beneath my pow'rful Arm,

“ And shelter'd it from ev'ry Kind of Harm ;

\* *Romans*, Chap. vi. Verse 1. &c.---“ Shall we continue in Sin, that Grace may abound? God forbid.”

† *St. Luke*, Chap. xix. Verse 41.---“ And when he was come near, he beheld the City, and wept over it.”

‡ *St. Matthew*, Chap. xxiii. Verse 37.---“ O, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy Children together, even as a Hen gathereth her Chickens under her Wings, and ye would not.”

“ But

" But thou each peaceful Overture withstood,  
 " And fruitless made my Mission, Cross, and Blood  
 " To thee, which flow'd for all the fallen Race,  
 " And I to each have shewn my saving Grace \*."

When heav'nly Light dawns on our tender Minds,  
 How blest'd that Soul who with its Influence joins,  
 Striving each wayward Passion to subdue,  
 Looks thro' the present to the future View,  
 Calmly inspects each State of Mortal Life,  
 Which seeing clogg'd with Sorrow, Care, and Strife,  
 Indiff'rent who may temporal Honours prove,  
 Aspires at those more permanent above ;  
 Thither each constant Wish and Motion bent,  
 Finds little to amend, or to repent :  
 Thus led by Grace, stedfast in Virtue's Way,  
 Walks on secure, nor lets his Footsteps stray ;  
 Tranquillity each Morning to him springs,  
 Each Midnight Hour sweet Consolation brings ;

\* " For the Grace of God, which bringeth Salvation,  
 " hath appeared unto all Men."



Divine Communion whispers in his Breast,  
 Dispels its Doubts, and soothes its Cares to rest;  
 And whilst his humble Hope on *Christ* relies,  
 Celestial Glory beams upon his Eyes :  
 All such (unceasing) their glad Off'rings pay  
 At Heaven's high Altar, ev'ry rising Day ;  
 And under its divine Protection lie  
 At Night, indiff'rent, or to sleep, or die.  
 Whatever Pit or rugged Path appears,  
 In trav'ling thro' this desert Vale of Tears,  
 Undaunted those pursue their steady Course,  
 Whose Pleasures issue from a boundless Source \*,  
 Tho' raging Malice a black Curtain spread,  
 And Storms of Vengeance threat the guiltless Head,  
 Trials and Persecutions teem below,  
 Misfortunes (as a Current) round him flow,

\* *Psalms* lxxxiv. Verses 5, 6, and 7.---" Blessed is the  
 " Man whose Strength is in thee : in whose Heart are thy  
 " Ways."---" Who going through the Vale of Misery,  
 " use it for a Well : and the Pools are filled with Water."  
 ---" They will go from Strength to Strength : and unto  
 " the God of Gods appeareth every one of them in Sion."

Upborn on Pillars of immortal Hope,  
 (The firmest Basis, the securest Prop)  
 Compos'd he sees the bursting Torrents roll  
 In Waves contending to destroy the Soul :  
 Impregnable to those Attempts he stands,  
 (Defended by an Host of glitt'ring Bands)  
 Trusting for Succour to the Hand unseen,  
 Tho' Clouds obscure, and Crosses intervene,  
 While Faith with Fortitude the Bosom shares,  
 What Manhood deeply feels, the Christian bears.  
 When Death appears, disrob'd of its Disguise,  
 And Scorpions sting before his languid Eyes,  
 Calmly submissive, chearfully resign'd,  
 (No guilty Terrors rising to the Mind)  
 He views the Joy which dissolution brings,  
 And greets this Mandate from the King of Kings,  
 Whose Vehicle attends to waft him o'er  
 To fairer Regions, and a safer Shore ;  
 Where thro' Empyrean Plains the Spirit roves  
 Ambrosial Bow'rs, and Aromatic Groves,

From whence, whilst Floods of Bliss perpetual flow,  
 He looks with Pity on Mankind below ;  
 From Joy to Joy, fledg'd with new Glories, flies,  
 Nor heeds where the deserted Body lies.

That this is no enthusiastic Theme,  
 Chimerical Conceit, or fancied Dream,  
 Demonstrative to evidence its Truth,  
 A Child of Piety, from blooming Youth,  
 \*Lies here entomb'd, who Heav'n in earnest sought,  
 And set the Blandishments of Life at nought :

\* "The eminently pious Mrs. *Jane Giddy*.---She was the Daughter of the late deservedly much-esteemed Mr. *Walter Rosewarne*: About her fifteenth Year (a Time when most young People of great Dependencies are launching out into all the fashionable Amusements and Gaieties of Life) she became a Convert to Heaven, under the powerful Instructions of that faithful Servant of *Christ* the Rev. Mr. *Samuel Walker*, wherein she persevered, "turning neither to the Right, nor to the Left," but walked in the Commandments of God all the Days of her Life, which received its Period about her thirtieth Year, leaving behind her, to the Protection of her sorrowing Friends, one only Child ; for the Welfare of whose Soul (according to the Tenor of her own Conduct) it is to be presumed, she was most tenderly concerned, and consequently recommended her immortal Part in a most pathetic Manner to their Attention, when she no longer could watch over her.

Early



Early the Paths of Righteousness she trod,  
 Not Worlds cou'd win her to forsake her God,  
 Nor slack her pure consistent Christian Race,  
 And constant Off'rings at the Throne of Grace;  
 Partaking largely of, redeeming Love,  
 (In copious Streams of Pleasure from above)  
 Earth's idle Pomp in vain t' engage her sought,  
 Whilst Mammon Show'rs of golden Treasures  
     brought;

These cou'd not prompt by Flattery, nor force  
 Her constant Mind to shrink from Virtue's Course;  
 She gratefully receiv'd, with Temp'rance us'd,  
 Nor e'er the Gifts of bounteous Heav'n abus'd.  
 Thro' a dark Gall'ry\*, with a solemn Pace,  
 Death stalk'd, she saw, nor shun'd his cold Embrace  
 Her pious Meditations wing'd their Flight,  
 To the pure Regions of unmix'd Delight;  
 Where Songs of Praise, and gladsome Shouts of Joy  
 Souls, like her own, perpetually employ;

\* Consumption.

Unaw'd she waited the Command to rise,  
 And join the Chorus of the lofty Skies.  
 With what Serenity, just ent'ring Heav'n,  
 Unto her Friends was her last Farewell giv'n!  
 Imagination fails, justly to paint  
 The weighty Words of an expiring Saint;  
 Where Duty, Love, and Piety, kept Pace,  
 And all united in a last Embrace.

" Dear Husband, Father, Mother, we must part,  
 Death, the great Pioneer, has reach'd my Heart;  
 To you my earthly All I now resign,  
 Be your last Moments full of Peace, like mine;  
 Yet long and happy may you sojourn here,  
 To whose kind Care I trust my *Betsy* dear;  
 As yet her Faculties, Desires, and Will,  
 Lie wrapp'd in Ignorance of Good and Ill,  
 And indiscriminate themselves display  
 As Nature points, or Instinct's Dictates sway;  
 Reason, inactive in her Infant Breast,  
 (By inoffensive childish Thoughts possess'd)  
 Slumbers,

Slumbers, 'till Time, whose Race no Pause allows,  
 Her Mind doth ripen, and the Passions rouse;  
 In Youth's gay Season prone to start aside  
 From serious Thought, and follow Custom's Guide,  
 Within whose View Life's promis'd Date appears  
 A long, long Series of revolving Years;  
 Which shews Eternity, whilst Health beats high,  
 Too distant from the Ken of human Eye;  
 Religious Duties fit alone t' engage  
 Distemper'd Bodies, and Decripit Age;  
 Holding it certain, that the latest Breath  
 May mediate with Heav'n, and treat with Death:  
 Fatal Mistake! since Time's incessant Wave,  
 Bears rapid from the Cradle to the Grave;  
 Death's dread Allies, and Emissaries rife,  
 At every Period break the Thread of Life,  
 Fevers, Contagions, Apoplexies rage,  
 And War with mortal Man perpetual wage;  
 Such Shafts of Fate around continual fly,  
 The Wonder's greater to survive, than die.  
Then



Then since, unwarn'd, the Soul's oft snatch'd away,  
 Without the Time to think, or Pow'r to pray;  
 With Caution great, and Circumspection mild,  
 Watch o'er the young Ideas of my Child;  
 Observe what Turn her Inclinations take,  
 And keep the lambent Flame of Grace awake,  
 In Virtue's Paths train up the tender Maid,  
 (All gracious Heav'n will your Endeavours aid)  
 With just Contempt of Temp'rals early strike  
 Her Soul; and as she will (my Parents dear) alike  
 Your fond Affections, Rank, and Fortune share,  
 O! guard her op'ning Mind with double Care,  
 Lest Life's vain Pomp her artless Thoughts betray,  
 And Folly lead her heedless Steps astray,  
 From Self-sufficiency, Disdain, and Pride,  
 (Too oft with Ease and Affluence ally'd)  
 Instruct her to abstain, and ever strive  
 T' improve those Graces which will Time survive;  
 Her Maker serve with Reverence profound,  
 And beam complaisant Smiles on all around;  
Earth's

Earth's Treasure's barter for true Peace within,  
 Nor taste those Joys which terminate in Sin;  
 Her Neighbour's love, Nature's great God adore,  
 Befriend the Injur'd, and relieve the Poor;  
 Each Christian Duty constantly pursue,  
 And ever keep Eternity in view.  
 From Practices like these true Comfort springs,  
 Which to the Soul sweet Satisfaction brings;  
 Thro' transient Time does tranquil Peace impart,  
 And when Death's Harbingers invade the Heart,  
 Pure Pleasures glow amidst the painful Strife,  
 From a calm Conscience, and a well-spent Life.  
 These my departing Precepts urge and bind,  
 Upon the Fibres of her gentle Mind;  
 Which when imbib'd, and into Habit plac'd,  
 I humbly trust will never be effac'd:  
 This my last Duty done, again farewell!"

Methinks she utter'd\*, when her Cadence fell;  
 Then,

\* It is not here meant that those were Mrs. Giddy's actual  
 Words at the Instant of her Departure: But the many similar

Then, smiling, sunk to everlasting Rest,  
 And breath'd her Soul out on her Saviour's Breast.  
 O glorious Exit! rapt'rous, happy Flight!  
 To Mansions of pure permanent Delight,  
 Where springing Pleasures and encreasing Joy,  
 Admit not intermission nor Alloy,  
 Which Saints made perfect shall unchang'd partake,  
 When Planets fall, Earth's massy Pillars shake,  
 The rolling Orbs are from their Stations hurl'd.  
 Rapacious Flames involve the Nether World,  
 The Moon dissolves in Blood, fix'd Stars retire  
 In torrid Streams of elemental Fire;  
 And Heav'n withdraws, more awful to display,  
 The solemn Pomp of this tremendous Day;  
 Which, when approaching, Nature will affright,  
 Thereon the Sun shall lose her Beams of Light;

Methods which she took, and Arguments she made use of,  
 to enforce the Practice of Religion and Christianity in her  
 Relations, Acquaintance, and all who enjoyed the Blessing  
 of her Conversation; were they collected, and Copies there-  
 of circulated, there can be no Kind of Doubt that it would  
 make lasting Impressions, to the End of Time, on the  
 Mind of every well-disposed Peruser.

In



In deepest Sables hovering Clouds retreat,  
 The tow'ring Mountains melt with fervent Heat;  
 Contending Waves of Blood o'erflow the Land,  
 The Sea give up her Dead, the Grave expand;  
 When in the wond'rous Void, august, profound,  
 Th' Archangel doth the final Trumpet sound;  
 The faithful Dead first call'd, shall first arise \*,  
 And incorruptible approach the Skies;  
 Where their immortal Souls again they'll greet,  
 Rapt'rous their Meeting, their Re-union sweet;  
 Blest Consummation shall their Joys advance,  
 Beyond the Reach of Accident or Chance;  
 Whilst they in shining Ranks of Glory wait,  
 The mighty Triumphs of the Judgment Seat,  
 Which holds, enthron'd in Majesty divine  
 (In whom fierce Terror and mild Mercy shine)  
 The once meek Lamb, whose Blood, profusely spilt,  
 Flow'd a free Sacrifice for Sin and Guilt;

\* St. Matthew, Chap. xxiv. Verse 31. "And he shall  
 " send his Angels with a great sound of a Trumpet, and  
 " they shall gather together his Elect from the four Winds,  
 " from one End of Heaven to the other."

All human Sorrows bore, and Death, to pave  
 (Thro' the dark Chambers of the gloomy Grave)  
 A Road to living Streams of perfect Grace,  
 For the revolting Sons of *Adam's* Race :  
 Then God and Man ascended to the Skies,  
 Nor drop'd his Charge, but heard from Heav'n our  
 [Cries ;  
 To human Errors patient, from Above  
 He sent kind Overtures of Peace and Love ;  
 His Messengers commision'd Earth around,  
 To fill with free Salvation's joyful Sound ;  
 Without Respect of Persons, far and wide,  
 To tell Mankind, for all a Saviour dy'd ;  
 And all to accept his offer'd Grace invite,  
 Whose Yoke is easy, and his Burthen light.  
 Bow now his Patience and Forbearance ends ;  
 No more the Arm of Mercy he extends,  
 So long held out to rebel Man in vain,  
 Who scorn'd his Yoke, embracing *Satan's* Chain.  
 Revolving Time her circling Race hath Run !  
 Nature's extinct ! Eternity begun !

The

The Lamb one slain, Redemer, Saviour dear,

A Lion now in Judgment shall appear :

In this great Day of his Almighty Ire,

His Vengeance shall be as devouring Fire ;

Light uncreated gloriously adorns,

Those sacred Temples, once beset with Thorns ;

The Sword of Justice, awful Judgment's Crown,

He wears, bright Angels at his Feet bow down,

And Devils stand, and tremble at his Frown.

How truly happy those in *Christ*, who then

Stand unappall'd amongst the Sons of Men ;

When Rays of Light'ning from his Eyes shall dart

Conviction to th' obdurate Sinner's Heart,

And Apprehension in hoarse Thunders roll

Despairing Horrors to the guilty Soul ;

Conscience, grand Umpire of the human Breast,

(In all her Robes of raging Vengeance drest)

With loud-tongu'd Clamours shall for Sin arraign,

And as ten thousand Witnesses remain \* ;

\* “ And a Man's own Conscience shall be as ten thousand Witnesses.”



Black Crime on Crime call up, in dire Array,  
Which dreadful Threat nings to the Mind convey,  
While scorching Flames of fell Despair confound,  
Lit from the Torch of blazing Worlds around;

A yawning Hell beneath striving to shun,  
He'll to the lofty Rocks and Mountains run :

“ Fall on ! O hide ! secure me from the Rod  
“ Of gnawing Conscience and an incens'd God !  
“ Inflicting Torments for past slighted Grace :

“ To 'scape his Fury, and avoid his Face,  
“ Let me beneath your weighty Crush remain,  
“ Or shrink, unnotic'd, in the Earth again.”

Vain the Petition ! impotent their Aid !

The trembling Culprit, naked and dismay'd,  
Must stand the Test, when Mountain, Hill, and Rock  
Consuming, vanish like ascending Smoke ;

Then round and round in wild Amaze he turns,

Too late relents, too late his Folly mourns

Those Breaches made in Heav'n's most righteous  
[Laws,  
Without an Advocate to plead his Cause

In

In this great Court, wherein no Bribe can clear,  
 No Witness false, no partial Jury's here,  
 Nor perjur'd Attestation is believ'd  
 By him, who cannot err, nor be deceiv'd;  
 No darling Sin so deeply hid does lie,  
 To 'scape the Question of his searching Eye,  
 Which pierces thro' the darkest Shades of Night,  
 And brings each secret impious Work to light;  
 Hypocrisy detected, ev'ry Thought  
 Shall be expos'd, and into Judgment brought,  
 Before both Men and Angels stand reveal'd,  
 However speciously in Time conceal'd;  
 Where Envy stings, or Treachery beguiles,  
 Beneath the Surface of deceiving Smiles,  
 And whilst the tutor'd Tongue soft Sounds impart,  
 Ruin in Ambush animates the Heart:  
 T' elude whose Snares (tho' as the Serpent wise)  
 Men fail, when clad in Virtue's sacred Guise,  
 Which is a Masque too oft assum'd to hide,  
 These selfish Passions which the Soul divide,  
 Whilst

Whilst darling Int'rest ev'ry Deed inspires,  
 And the Heart burns with covetous Desires :  
 (Wealth by the miscreant Mind be'ng understood  
 To fill the Void of ev'ry genuine Good)  
 Sometimes those Batteries are play'd, unseen,  
 Behind a seeming open honest Mien,  
 Or in the Veil of pure Religion dress'd ;  
 Vice keeps her Court in the Profess'or's Breast,  
 Where Subtlety the Garb of Wisdom wears,  
 And Avarice the Stamp of Prudence bears ;  
 Thence aided, with Facility convey  
 Words to delude, and Gestures to betray.  
 Yet such, too oft the Error of Mankind,  
 To Riches suppliant, and to Merit blind,  
 That, tho' drawn by delusive Gain's fond Dreams,  
 The greedy Wretch a Thousand various Schemes,  
 To circumvent a Brother, shou'd devise,  
 (If golden Profits does from thence arise)  
 Whilst the poor unsuspecting Victim bleeds,  
 Successes sanctify th' Oppressor's Deeds ;  
Prosperity's



Prosperity's Advance bids Censure flee,  
 Commands th' applauding Voice, the ready Knee,  
 And on e'en cruel Acts this Title draws,  
 " Self-preservation," first of Nature's Laws.  
 In Temp'ral's Right and Wrong by Turns prevail,  
 As outward Circumstances guide the Scale ;  
 Man's Judgment works by superficial View,  
 What Indigence alledges may be true,  
 Wealth does a Sanction claim to be believ'd ;  
 Thus Men pass on, deceiving and deceiv'd,  
 'Till other Worlds shall on their Eye-lids beam,  
 Th' important Errors of Life's idle Dream,  
 And to astonish'd Mortal's View display,  
 The Wonders of the Resurrection Day ;  
 Sever'd from Falshood, radiant Truth shall here,  
 As the meridian spotless Sun appear,  
 Where injur'd Innocence, serenely bright,  
 With Boldness stands, nor fears th' Oppressor's Sight\*,

\* " Then shall the Righteous stand with great Boldness in the Sight of him that oppress'd him."

Whose prosp'rous Bark did once triumphant ride,  
 With Streamers spread, on Time's auspicious Tide,  
 Now Ship-wreck'd, destitute, forlorn, and poor,  
 Cast friendless on the everlasting Shore;  
 Captivity and Loss keen Pangs impart,  
 To pierce his Soul, and harrow up his Heart,  
 Whilst he beholds resplendent Wreaths entwine  
 Those Brows ("whose Righteousness as Noon-day  
 shine")

Late patient bearing Persecution's Rod,  
 Now anchor'd safe near their approving God.  
 How gladly wou'd the rich Man change his State,  
 With the once abject Beggar at his Gate \*,  
 Who long unheeded cry'd, unpity'd lay,  
 Whilst he fared sumptuously each passing Day;

\* St. Luke, Chap. xvi. Verses 19, 20, and 21. --- "There  
 " was a certain rich Man, who was clothed in Purple and  
 " fine Linen, and fared sumptuously every Day. And  
 " there was a certain Beggar, named *Lazarus*, who was  
 " laid at his Gate full of Sores: And desiring to be fed  
 " with the Crumbs which fell from the rich Man's Table;  
 " moreover, the Dogs came and licked his Sores, &c."

Raiment

Raiment superb his Body did adorn,  
 Splendidly varying ev'ry rising Morn;  
 At large he rang'd thro' Pleasure's wide Domain,  
 And transient Honours glitter'd in his Train;  
 Surrounding Slaves attended, at his Nod,  
 To minister to this terrestrial God,  
 Within whose Bosom Pity sought a Seat,  
 But there cou'd find no Mansion or Retreat;  
 Benevolence with Virtue next address'd,  
 But was forbid an Entrance to his Breast;  
 Against their Reign his haughty Soul rebell'd,  
 And thence the mild Triumvirate expell'd;  
 Deaf to Distress, with Arrogance and Pride,  
 He all Relief to Nature's Wants deny'd;  
 When Cruelty did his hard Heart impel,  
 T' refuse the Crumbs that from his Table fell,  
 Which the poor starving Suff'rer wish'd t' obtain,  
 And humbly su'd for, but he su'd in vain,  
 Yet patient bore (when Dogs came round his Sores)  
 His humble Lot, nor grudg'd the Glutton's Stores:



Now blest Reverse ! what clust'ring Joys combine,  
 Permanent, perfect, tranquil, pure, divine,  
 To glad the Soul of each accepted Guest,  
 Each meet partaker of the heav'nly Feast ;  
 Which Time's imperious Tyrants shall survey  
 With Horror in the Retribution Day,  
 And antedate, by Flames of Terror stung,  
 Water deny'd to cool the parching Tongue,  
 With this Reply, " when thy rich Streams did flow\*,  
 " To other's Woes thou didst not Pity show,  
 " Therefore 'tis thine in Torment to remain,  
 " And his to reap th' Reward of all his Pain."  
 Thence with t' avoid the Judge, whose Eye doth scan  
 Whate'er was Mortal, and whate'er was Man ;  
 The Quick and Dead thro' Earth, from End to End,  
 Who gather'd by his Angels, here attend ;  
 Whatever was their Function, Title, Name,  
 To endless Glory, or to endless Shame ;

\* St. *Luke*, Chap. xvi. Verse 25.----" But *Abraham* said,  
 " Son, remember that thou in thy Life-time receivest thy  
 " good Things, and *Lazarus* evil Things : But now he is  
 " comforted, and thou art tormented," The

The Great, the Small, the Coward, and the Brave,  
 The scepter'd Sultan, and the fetter'd Slave,  
 Distinction past, will here unmindful stand,  
 Which exercis'd Obedience, which Command;  
 In what did either glory or complain,  
 When this foregoes his Crown, that quits his Chain?  
 Contending Nations cited to the Bar,  
 In all the horrid Rage of cruel War,  
 No more the Implements of Slaughter wield,  
 Nor seek the transient Honours of the Field;  
 False, for true Fame, no longer's understood,  
 Quench'd is the raging Thirst for hostile Blood:  
 A gen'ral Change all Nature doth sustain,  
 No Pleasure springs but from mild Mercy's Reign,  
 True Peace resides with Purity alone,  
 And perfect Happiness is Virtue's own;  
 Pursuit of earthly Pleasures, Love of Ease,  
 Riotous Nights, and vain luxurious Days,  
 Pow'r misapply'd, and precious Hours mispent,  
 If Thought recalls, 'tis only to torment.

When

When *Adam's* Issue here divided stand \*,  
 Ready for Sentence, rang'd on either Hand  
 The righteous Judge, he'll first unto the Right  
 Incline, infusing unconceiv'd Delight,  
 " Faithful and Good, no more shall Ills annoy  
 " You, freely enter to your Master's Joy †."  
 Here the glad feelings of the meanest Saint,  
 Exceed what Thought can guess, or Language paint,  
 All Efforts to illustrate them must fail,  
 And raptur'd Wonder draws a glorious Veil.  
 Then to the Left he'll in just Anger turn,  
 Who on their Sin-pierc'd God will look and mourn,  
 When they behold, in the decisive Hour,  
 How bright his Glory, and how great his Pow'r ;

\* *St. Matthew*, Chap. xxv. Verses 32 and 33.---" And  
 " before him shall be gathered together all Nations ; and  
 " he shall separate them one from another, as a Shepherd  
 " divideth his Sheep from the Goats : And he shall set the  
 " Sheep on his Right-hand, but the Goats on the Left."

† *St. Matthew*, Chap. xxv. Verse 21.---" Well done  
 " thou good and faithful Servant, enter thou into the Joy  
 " of thy Lord."



No Balm's near to ease the raging Smart,  
 Inflicted by the dreadful Sound, *depart!*

I know thee not, consign'd to Depths of Hell,

In Chains of Darknefs, never-ending, dwell!\*

Then tho' they rail against the Heav'ns, the Earth,

Abhor their Being, curse their Hour of Birth;

Yet from each Heart shall this Confession spring,

"Just are thy Judgments, O transcendent King!"

This Process done, sep'rate the Crowd retire†

To Courts of Bliss, and Lakes of endless Fire:

More brilliant Suns shall light the new-spread Skies,

New Heav'n's appear, and a new Earth arise.‡

What Token shall precede, what Sign declare,

This awful, this momentous Period near?

\* *St. Matthew*, Chap. xxv. Verse 41.---"Then shall  
 "he say unto them on the Left-hand, depart from me,  
 "ye cursed, into everlasting Fire, &c."

† *St. Matthew*, Chap. xxv. Verse 46.---"And these  
 "shall go away into everlasting Punishment, but the  
 "Righteous into Life eternal."

‡ *Revelations*, Chap. xxi. Verse 1.---"And I saw a  
 "new Heaven and a new Earth, &c."

By

By what Device its dread Approach he learn'd,  
 In which all Nature is so much concern'd?  
 That Day (yet hid from the co-equal Son\*)  
 We're told by those Events will be forerun:  
 State Differences shall give great Sorrows Birth,  
 And dire Convulsions rend the spacious Earth;  
 Nation 'gainst Nation rise, fell War's Alarms  
 To Battle rouse, and clothe the World in Arms;†  
 Contentions strike the Calls of Nature mute,  
 Households divide, and Friends with Friends dispute;  
 Peace routed fly, the raging Sword deface  
 Widow and Orphan 'mongst the human Race;  
 Yet whilst each Day encreasing Mis'ries shew,  
 Big with new Terrors, and fresh Scenes of Woe,  
 Earthquakes and Famine, Pestilence and Storm‡  
 Sent to awaken, shall in vain perform

\* St. Mark, Chap. xiii. Verse 32.---" But of that Day  
 " and that Hour knoweth no Man; no, not the Angels  
 " which are in Heaven, neither the Son, but the Father."

† St. Mark, Chap. xiii. Verse 8.---" For Nation shall  
 " rise against Nation, and Kingdom against Kingdom."

‡ " And there shall be Earthquakes in divers Places,  
 " and there shall be Famines and Troubles."

Their

Their Offices with those who Conscience lull,  
 And Sin secure 'till Guilt's wide Measure's full.  
 Something sure like this Prelude is begun,  
 Brother with Brother strives, the Sire with Son\*;  
 Destructions threat, and (by divine Command)  
 Invade each Corner of this guilty Land,  
 Home Factions gen'ral Harmony o'erwhelm,  
 Intestine Broils depopulate the Realm;  
 Full in our Sight our daring Foes infest,  
 Driving Repose from the affrighted Breast;  
 The Hero's Prowess every-where surrounds,  
 Who deals in Slaughter, Massacre, and Wounds,  
 Thro' Lanes of Death, Ambition's Palm t' explore,  
 He wades Knee-deep in Streams of human Gore;  
 All mutual Trust and Confidence are fled,  
 Vindictive Banners o'er the Earth are spread;  
 E'en kindred Countries, in small Points withstood,  
 Drain with Impunity each other's Blood:

\* St. Mark, Chap. xiii. Verse 12.---" Now the Brother  
 " shall betray the Brother to Death, and the Father the Son,  
 " &c."



Without Remorse (too oft') keen Arrows send  
 Into the Bosom of some once-lov'd Friend;  
 Subduing Nature's Plea, the rashly Brave  
 Puts out that Life the self-same Mother gave;  
 Thus turning on themselves, their Arms employ  
 Where each shou'd aid, to ruin and destroy;  
 Exhausting Strength and Wealth, that Force forego  
 Both shou'd retain to scourge the mutual Foe,  
 Who Works by treacherous Means t' obtain their  
 Ends,  
 Deceive, and then destroy their new-leagu'd Friend  
 To conquer *Albion*, lord it o'er the Waves,  
 Then drop the Mask, and stamp them *Gallia's* Slaves.  
 E'en now, with haughty Port and naval Pride\*,  
 Numerous, and dauntless, they triumphant ride,  
 Still hovering round our Coasts, their deep design  
 The most Discerning's puzzled to divine:

\* This Part of the Poem was written in 1779, about the Time when the combined Fleets appeared off *Falmouth*, which gave so much Terror to the Inhabitants of that and the adjacent Places.

But the loud Cannon on the smoking Main  
 Will soon, 'tis thought, their Embassy explain,  
 Bloodshed with Horror mark the flying Ball,  
 And the poor Remnant wretched Captives fall !  
 Shou'd they o'ercome (how dreadful 'tis to think  
 On the dire Precipice of Ruin's Brink !)  
 Our Homes they'll then enjoy, our Labour's Fruit,  
 And pluck up pure Religion by its Root ;  
 Spread Devastation, pull Distinctions down,  
 And ravage from the Cottage to the Crown.  
 This Crisis nearly view'd must sure impart,  
 A Spark of Terror to the stoutest Heart ;  
 Whence, to preserve that Freedom Nature gave,  
 Old Age turns active, and the Coward brave ;  
 Resistance animates, our Country's Need  
 Calls to the Field, where countless Numbers bleed,  
 Whose Offspring destitute (to Sorrows born),  
 A thankless People may behold with Scorn,  
 Nor one soft Look in gentle Pity spare,  
 To sooth their Grievs, to mitigate their Care ;

No help afford, nor kind Assistance lend,  
 Distress being lonesome, and can claim no Friend;  
 Howe'er procur'd, base is an abject State,  
 'Tis criminal to be unfortunate :  
 Unless with those to whom is largely given  
 Good-will to Man, and Prevalence with Heaven,  
 Whose Intercessions do its wrath assuage,  
 And keep up Vengeance from this erring Age\*,  
 While threat'ning Dangers every-where surround,  
 Yet shameful Vice and Infamy abound ;  
 Not trusting in the Strength of Sword nor Spear,  
 Turn humbly to the Lord in fervent prayer ;  
 For Aid upon the God of Battles call,  
 Without whom e'en a Sparrow shall not fall†.  
 Whilst others join to stigmatize the Times,  
 Those strive to stem the Torrent of its Crimes,

\* *Exodus*, Chap. xx. Verse 6.---“ And shewing Mercy  
 “ unto Thousands in them that love me, and keep my  
 “ Commandments.”

† *St. Matthew*, Chap. x. Verse 29.---Are not two Spar-  
 “ rows sold for a Farthing? And one of them shall not fall  
 “ to the Ground without your Father.”



Which clad in various Shapes, bare-fac'd appear,  
 To wound the Eye, and shock the virtuous Ear;  
 Bold Blasphemy, Pride, Luxury, debase,  
 And taint the Morals of the human Race;  
 Alike old Age, Manhood, and blooming Youth,  
 With horrid Imprecations bind the Truth;  
 As if plain Words the Hearers wou'd deceive,  
 And without Oaths Mankind could not believe.  
 Down in foul Currents this Contagion runs,  
 From impious Fathers to their infant Sons,  
 Too many helpless Babes (this Age doth show),  
 Who can blaspheme e'er say the Cris-Cross-Row.  
 Whilst thoughtless Parents, of such Promptness vain,  
 Well-pleas'd the lisp'd Impiety explain,  
 Applaud the prattling Wit, and (smiling) say,  
 " He knows no Ill, and is too young to pray."  
 What purblind Folly can with this compare?  
 Too young to pray, yet old enough to swear;  
 In those mistaken Thoughts what Danger lies,  
 From early Negligence what Mischiefs rise!  
Familiar

Familiar Vice doth powerful Ills impart,  
 Which clouds each Seed of Virtue in the Heart,  
 Whilst growing Time but more confirms the Tongue  
 With Lying varnish'd, and with Curfes hung.  
 Who fins unchecked, e'er sensible of Crimes,  
 Weaves a large Web of Woe for After-Times;  
 Ill Habits cherish'd in Life's tender Spring,  
 At Puberty's Advance more nearly cling;  
 And Nonage thus, in Christian Ign'rance run,  
 To Manhood starts, corrupted and undone:  
 Then Fear and Shame subdu'd, Remorse withstood,  
 At Passion's Call he'd drink a Brother's Blood,  
 And, when fierce Anger does the Mind inflame,  
 Curse e'en those Parents whence his Being came,  
 Who now, too late (in mutual Confort) mourn  
 Their ill-tim'd Fondness, and its base Return;  
 Look back with Horror on the fatal Morn,  
 And heavy Hour when such a Wretch was born;  
 Their woe-fill'd Souls do every Comfort wave,  
 Whilst Sorrow draws them to the silent Grave.

Children

Children are sure by Heav'n in Mercy meant,  
 To fill the human Breast with sweet Content,  
 Heighten the Joys of Life, its Cares assuage,  
 Lighten its pond'rous Load, and comfort Age,  
 Being pronounc'd in the divine Record\*,  
 An Heritage presented from the Lord;  
 A precious Treasure sent for *Sion* down,  
 To crown with Honour, Peace, and fair Renown:  
 When early nurtur'd in the Way of Truth,  
 And Piety's imprest in budding Youth†;  
 From well-tun'd Lips what grateful Incense spring,  
 To hail the Ears of *Sion's* gracious King,  
 Whose ready Answer, from his Azure Height,  
 Glides to the Soul in Rays of heav'nly Light,  
 Where ripening Graces with new Fragrance bloom,  
 Expanding wide, and shed a rich Perfume.

\* *Psalms* cxvii. Verse 4. 6.---“ Lo, Children and the  
 “ Fruit of the Womb are an Heritage and Gift that  
 “ cometh of the Lord; and happy is the Man that hath  
 “ Quiver full of them, &c.”

† “ Train up a Child in the Way that he shall go, and  
 “ when he is old he will not depart from it.”



Delightful Task t' ingraft Religion's Root,  
 And " teach the young Ideas how to shoot ;"  
 By timely Admonitions to prepare  
 The Mind for Heaven, with peculiar Care !  
 That no Capacity may claim Excuse,  
 For this neglected, to the Soul's Abuse,  
 Suited thereto we various Morals find,  
 Form'd to enlarge and animate the Mind ;  
 Genuine Instructions, from th' unerring Pen  
 Of prudent, wise, and truly pious Men,  
 To quicken Conscience, Vice's Reign repel,  
 Check the wild Passions when they would rebel ;  
 Restrain the Sallies of unguarded Youth,  
 Instil mild Pity, Charity, and Truth ;  
 Correct the Will, and happily invest  
 Enlighten'd Reason in the opening Breast ;  
 Thro' easy Precepts lead, betimes inspire  
 With Grace, and Virtue's noble Ardour fire,  
 Where dwells Amusement with Persuasion join'd,  
 They gently steal upon the tender Mind,

Excite

Excite to Good, sensual Enticements lull,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor Cramp the Genius, nor the Spirits dull,  
 But oft' enforc'd, procure the Heart to prove  
 Below a Type of Seraphs' Bliss above,  
 And form the Infant on the surest Plan,  
 To grow in Favour both with God and Man.  
 When thus we make our Children's Souls our Care,  
 And fix the Rudiments of Learning there,  
 By Precept and Example both combine  
 T' instruct, we're aided by the Hand divine;  
 No Pain attends the laudable Employ,  
 But tranquil Pleasure and a temp'rate Joy,  
 Which greater Treasures to the Heart unfold  
 Than Banks of Silver, or the purest Gold \*;  
 And more resplendent, lasting Honour brings  
 Than *India's* Wealth, or Crowns of earthly Kings.  
 Surely those are superlatively blest  
 Who leave their Children Virtue's mild Bequest,

\* *St. Luke*, Chap. ix. Verse 25.---“ For what is a Man  
 “ advantaged if he gain the whole World, and lose him-  
 “ self or be cast away ?”

('Their Names shall be rever'd from Age to Age,  
 And blossom down to Time's remotest Stage.)  
 Thus aiding pure Religion to revive,  
 And thro' succeeding Generations thrive\*,  
 Which may, by Faith and Piety sincere,  
 Avert the Judgments we now feel or fear,  
 The gracious Ear of righteous Heav'n dispose  
 To heal our Sins, and save us from our Foes;  
 Their Force united cause us to withstand,  
 And shield by sov'reign Pow'r this favour'd Land  
 From cruel Bondage, Tyranny, and Rome,  
 And, 'till prepar'd, defer our Day of Doom;  
 Bid Harmony and Peace again to spring,  
 Unite the People, and reward our King,  
 Whose gracious Meaning ev'ry Action shwes,  
 The gen'ral Good, and true Religion's Cause,  
 Which freely, under his auspicious Smile,  
 Reigns unmolested in the *British* Isle,

\* *Psalms* ciii. Verse 17.---" But the merciful Goodness  
 " of the Lord endureth for ever and ever upon them that  
 " fear him: and his Righteousness upon Children's Chil-  
 " dren."



Invites each Heart to join the *Christian* Band,  
 In mild Obedience to high Heav'n's Command :  
 Nor need e'en Pride the humble Work disown,  
 Whilst the bright Pattern sparkles from the Throne,  
 Whence ev'ry Day unfeign'd Petitions rise  
 To that great Pow'r who rules the lucid Skies,  
 And does in Mercy guilty Thousands spare,  
 Thro' the warm Virtues of the Royal Pair.  
 Their Issue, taught Humility and Grace,  
 Bids fair to dignify the human Race,  
 And to our View a long Succession brings,  
 T' supply this Monarchy with *Christian* Kings,  
 Whose Bosoms glow with Sentiments refin'd,  
 Such as informs great *George's* royal Mind ;  
 Where Piety hath fix'd her placid Seat,  
 Being truly Good, and *therefore* truly Great :  
 His sympathetic Breast our Woes does feel,  
 Thence (ever anxious for his Subjects' Weal)  
 Desiring Peace, with Honour, to return,  
 And glad those Hearts which now in Sorrow mourn,

He wou'd the bloody Controversy end,  
 Nor longer with *America* contend,  
 (To such unnat'ral War a Truce afford,  
 And to a Plough-fhear turn the reeking Sword)  
 If this much-wish'd Event cou'd be obtain'd,  
 Without his Rule being scorn'd, or Glory stain'd.  
 Long may that bright untainted Wreath be his,  
 With the calm Transports of domestic Bliss,  
 Which does with soft Delights the Heart dilate,  
 To recompense the weighty Cares of State ;  
 And when in Peace, long hence, he yields his Breath,  
 (Leaning submissive to the Stroke of Death)  
 May his Progressive still our Sons Command,  
 They chearfully obey with ready Hand,  
 Nor know Dispute, Contention, or Debate,  
 But who shall be most faithful to the State ;  
 Nor *Albion* e'er, to Time's last Period down,  
 A *Brunswick* want to wear *Britannia's* Crown.  
 By such a bright Example now inspir'd,  
 And with a glorious Emulation fir'd,

Wou'd

Wou'd but the people with the Prince combine  
 To deprecate the Flame of Wrath divine,  
 Each future Act by Virtue's Dictates square,  
 And frame our Lives to one incessant Pray'r,\*  
 By Unison of Heart conjointly prove  
 That Peace resulting from fraternal Love,  
 Then all Distrust, all home-bred Faction's fled,  
 Commerce again shall raise her drooping Head;  
 Distress and Famine, with their rueful Train,  
 Be straightway exil'd *England's* fair Domain;  
 Whilst we receive from sov'reign Mercy's Hand,  
 Such plenteous Streams as flow thro' *Goshen's* Land.  
 New Blessings taste as Days and Years increase,  
 Our Children's Children see, and *Israel's* Peace†;  
 At rest with Man, and reconcil'd to God,  
 By gentle Steps descend to Death's Abode.  
 And whether in this Plot, or yonder Isle  
 We lye, or rest beneath some distant Pile,

\* Pray without ceasing.

† *Psalms* cxxviii. Verse 7.---“ Yea, thou shalt see thy  
 “ Children's Children, and Peace upon *Israel*.”



It matters not—our Dust refin'd shall rise,  
 And unpolluted reach the smiling Skies;  
 Our blissful Friends with holy Raptures meet,  
 And bathe in living Streams at *Jefus'* Feet;  
 Where mutual Transports will our Pow'rs employ  
 Thro' endless Ages of unfading Joy.

---

A N  
E L E G Y

ON THE LATE

Rev. Mr. SAMUEL WALKER,

Who was many Years CURATE of *TRURO*.

WALKER! what Virtue e'er shone bright  
as thine?

Precept on Precept, thou, and Line on Line,  
Didst urge with Fervour, the pure Word apply'd,  
Taught'st *Jesus* only, *Jesus* crucify'd!  
No Time, nor Pains in lab'ring didst thou spare,  
Thy Soul and Flock thou mad'st thine only Care:  
Faith's foremost Champion! who its Battles fought;  
Not Man's Applause, but Heav'n's Acceptance  
fought.

Heroic

Heroic Christian! to each Soul sincere,  
 Kind to Distress, but into Sin severe,  
 Whereto, unaw'd, thou wou'dst Conviction bring,  
 Tho' center'd in the Bosom of a King.  
 Were Earth's first Potentate to lay thee down,  
 His ruling Sceptre and resplendent Crown,  
 Thy steady Virtue wou'd abhor the Thought  
 To gloss his Crimes, or sooth him in a Fault;  
 Proof 'gainst Temptation all thy Powers did rise,  
 To please th' all-glorious Framers of the Skies;  
 The Peace of him alone (not Joys of Sense)  
 Thou fought'st, nor Martyrdom cou'd tear thee  
 thence;

Unmoveable in Faith still firmly stood,  
 Wash'd in pure Streams of the Redeemer's Blood;  
 Didst Persecution's Iron Rod beguile  
 And baffle Rancour with an holy Smile,  
 Which crown'd thy manly Form, whilst with soft  
 Grace

Religion broke round thy benignant Face.

Tutor'd



Tutor'd from Heav'n, to God and Nature true,  
 Thy Lectures held Man's Mirror up to View;  
 From those Discourses flew the pointed Dart,  
 Which reach'd the inmost Corners of the Heart,  
 So fram'd, so model'd, to the human Plan,  
 Each Hearer, in himself, discern'd the Man:  
 Portray'd the unrenew'd, beheld his Faults,  
 And wonder'd how thou could'st describe his  
     Thoughts,  
 Whilst with unwearied Vigilance and Pain,  
 Thou strov'dst to free him from Sin's galling Chain.  
 When on that long-past memorable Day\*,  
 Thou bad'st the conscious Mind herself survey;  
 Thine Arguments did with such Lustre shine,  
 (Substantial, incontestible, divine,)

That Conscience rous'd, alike in old and young,  
 Echo'd those Strains on which Conviction hung;

\* The Day of Humiliation on Account of the great Earth-  
 quake at *Lisbon*, whereon Mr. *Walker* very pathetically dis-  
 coursed on those Words:--"Turn ye! turn ye! For why  
 " will you die, O House of *Israel*."

And Souls recoil'd beneath th' alarming sound,  
 As if another Earthquake shook the Ground :  
 Whilst from the Pulpit thou, with heaving Sighs,  
 Inviting Attitude, and streaming Eyes,  
 Cry'dst, " hark, my People, to the Voice of God!  
 Behold his Judgments in the Earth abroad ;  
 Repent ye now your Sins, in Sackcloth mourn,  
 O turn ye, turn ye, House of *Israel* turn !  
 Or let me by a Term more dear apply,  
 People of *Truro* turn ! why will you die ?  
 For your Salvation what wou'd not be giv'n,  
 Or suffer'd ? short of Banishment from Heav'n  
 By me, that one Reserve alone I'd make,  
 And to effect it set my Life at stake :  
 Let not the World and Sense your Minds enthrall,  
 For your Soul's Sake hear your Redeemer's Call  
 Thro' me, who'll labour with my latest Breath  
 To warn my People from eternal Death."  
 Those pow'rful Accents, persevering Saint,  
 Description merely human cannot paint,

Nor

Nor represent that holy glowing Flame  
 Which animated all thy vital Frame,  
 When Heav'n (for righteous Ends) did thee impel,  
 In perfect Health, to take a long Farewell  
 Of those whose Souls thou'dst prun'd with pious Care,  
 And for them lifted up the fervent Pray'r.  
 How strenuous on that prophetic Morn \*  
 Didst thou entreat, exhort, convict, and warn;  
 What heav'nly Passions did thy Bosom move?  
 How great thy Labour, and how strong thy Love?

\* The Day preceding that in which Mr. *Walker* was taken with that fatal Illness which terminated in Death, he preached a most awful and awakening Sermon, wherein (though then in perfect Health) this inspired Divine addressed his People as if he was on his Death-Bed, recounted many Particulars of his past Life, and dwelt very strongly on that Part of it wherein he had officiated (under God) as the Shepherd of their Souls. This valuable Discourse, amongst others of Mr. *Walker's*, is now extant, and contains many Expressions, of which, a faint Description is here attempted, the Imperfections whereof, it is hoped, will be excused by the candid Public, as the Editor was very young when these Sermons were preached, and writes only from bare Memory, having never read nor heard them since the Demise of that faithful Servant of *Christ*, which is now about twenty Years.

In Sounds, which Seraphs might applauding hear,  
 Thou pour'dst Conviction in the Sinner's Ear ;  
 From Heav'n's bright Quiver drew thy chosen Dart,  
 And pierc'd with keen Remorse th' obdurate Heart,  
 Which throb'd with poignant Terror at the Stroke,  
 And almost wou'd embrace the *Christian* Yoke,  
 But Pleasure pleads, he'd fain the Conflict fly,  
 Yet sunk beneath thy penetrating Eye,  
 Which Sin did to its inmost Den pursue,  
 And brought forth Death and Judgment unto view.  
 Methinks those Words still vibrate on my Ear,  
 " If I'm acquitted, where will you appear ?  
 In the last Day, when the just Judge demands  
 Your precious Souls out of your Shepherd's  
 Hands,

The Question thus, thus must the Answer run,  
 What hast thou ? Lord, thou know'st what I have  
 done.

My Friends, repent, reform without Delay,  
 This is the Time ! 'tis your Salvation Day !

Embrace



Embrace it now! lest you in Sorrow mourn  
 This gracious Season, which will ne'er return;  
 Perhaps no more we here may meet again,  
 You to attend and my weak Tongue to explain,  
 E'er the next Sabbath's Morning Sun shall rise,  
 You, you, or I, in Death may close our Eyes;  
 If I'm the Man, if my frail Glass be run,  
 I now submit, thy Will, O Lord, be done.  
 In thee secure, whenever thou dost call,  
 Passive, at thy Command, I yield my Soul:  
 But snatch my People from Destruction's Brink!  
 Forgive their Follies, at their Ign'rance wink;  
 Defend from Ruin by thy mighty Pow'r  
 Their Souls, and guide them to the heav'nly Shore.  
 Brethren, farewell! (if thus the Fiat stands),  
 Here from your Blood I clear my guiltless Hand;  
 Yet be entreated your ownelves to save,  
 O! hear my Cries just sinking to the Grave,  
 In Life's full Tide beware the Rocks and Shoals,  
 Massacre not your never-dying Souls;

Recall

Recall to Mind th' Entreaties, Prayers, and Tears,  
 With which I've strove thro' a long Train of Years,  
 T' persuade the Sensualist t' his Sins forsake,  
 And rouse the stupid Sluggard to awake;  
 In watchful Care endur'd unto the End,  
 And with yourselves did for yourselves contend.  
 If you've forgot th' omniscient Pow'r on high  
 Hath mark'd them all, and you'll be judg'd thereby,  
 In that great Hour, when I must Witness bear  
 Against those Souls whom now I love so dear,  
 Wou'd wish to shield from everlasting Harms,  
 And fly to *Canaan* with you in my Arms."  
 Thus (with an Angel's Eloquence and Force)  
 Ran this pathetic Pastor's last Discourse  
 Unto that Flock, for whose eternal Health  
 He'd sacrific'd Advancement, Ease, and Wealth,  
 And who (as need requir'd) did freely share  
 His Purse, his Aid, his Council, and his Care;  
 His Breast glow'd with no secondary Fires,  
 No carnal Views, nor covetous Desires,

But

But for th' exceeding great unseen Reward,  
 Still labour'd in the Vineyard of his Lord;  
 Daily he did the holy Toil renew,  
 And constantly his Master's Work pursue;  
 Planted and water'd with the Hand of Love,  
 Yet humbly begg'd the Increase from above;  
 Year after Year to intercede the Sound,  
 "Quick cut it down, why cumb'reth it the Ground?"  
 This, of his People's Souls the Bosom Friend,  
 Still cry'd, "Great God! again thy Wrath suspend,  
 Lay not the Axe too hasty to the Root,  
 And in due Season it may bring forth Fruit;  
 Add one more to the Number of its Years\*,  
 Thy Servant will refresh it with his Tears,  
 And whilst these do as copious Rivers flow,  
 Dig round and dress it with thy Gospel Law."  
 Thus was this *Christian's* Heart alone inclin'd,  
 To profelyte to Heav'n, and save Mankind:

\* "Lord, let it alone this Year also, &c."---A Text  
 Mr. *Walker* frequently made Use of on the first Day of the  
 new Year.

Life's Pleasures he declin'd, its Pomp forsook,  
 To fill th' important Office which he took;  
 A Guardian faithful, exemplary just  
 Unto those Souls committed to his Trust;  
 Unaw'd by Titles, Pow'r, Estate, or Birth,  
 He chid the mighty Rebel Sons of Earth;  
 "Ye potent Worms! whose Corn & Wine's Increase,  
 Immerge your Souls in a fallacious Peace,  
 Whereto you say, perplex thyself no more,  
 For many Years here's Goods laid up in Store;  
 Then take thy Range in Life's gay Round untir'd:  
 Thou Fool! this Night thy Soul shall be requir'd;  
 Death shall divide between thy Wealth and thee!  
 Then whose will all thine hoarded Treasures be?  
 Rouse ye to the great Work without Delay,  
 Complete your Task whilst it be call'd To-day,  
 For Night ere long shall spread her dark Domain,  
 And all your Efforts then will be in vain.  
 Iniquity with contrite Hearts deplore,  
 Break off your Sins by Mercies to the Poor;

Lay



Lay up your Treasure where's Reward for Toil,  
 Where Thieves can't plunder, nor Corruption  
 Thus (as there's no Repentance in the Tomb) [spoil."  
 Avert Heav'n's Vengeance and the Wrath to come.  
 You that in Wisdom, Youth, or Strength confide,  
 And set your own Mortality aside,  
 'Till a long Season hence, which now appears  
 Plac'd in the Rear of many circling Years,  
 Thinking to you (amongst the Sons of Men)  
 The Number ascertain'd, *Three Score and Ten* ;  
 Wherein you may all Sciences explore,  
 Or for your future Heirs heap Store on Store,  
 Partake Life's Pleasures at the Fountain Head,  
 And leave Repentance to a dying Bed.  
 Deluded Mortal ! Soul secure arise !  
 And unto yonder Plot direct your Eyes ;  
 There croud the Graves of those whom late you  
 To be as wise, as young, as strong as you, [knew  
 These quickly summon'd to their final Home,  
 Aloud proclaim your Kindred to the Tomb.

M

Ye

Ye poor young Creatures, thoughtless, vain, and gay,  
 Who widely in the Paths of Error stray,  
 To those important Truths awhile attend,  
 On which your everlasting States depend;  
 In Prime of Youth my much-lov'd Children hear,  
 The earnest pleadings of a Soul sincere,  
 Which for the Follies of your blooming Years  
 Diffolves in Pity, and o'erflows with Tears :  
 In filial Rev'rence, Pray'r, and grateful Praise,  
 Serve your Creator in your early Days,  
 Then Death for you no poignant Sting shall find,  
 Nor youthful Crime lie heavy on the Mind.  
 Soon will the Years draw nigh and Days come on,  
 When you shall say Life's transient Joys are gone.  
 Ye tender Plants, regard my earnest Pray'r,  
 Consider what Heav'n's Oracles declare !  
 " Young Man rejoice, and let thy Heart thee cheer,  
 In Youth's gay Hours bend not to Thought nor Fear :  
 Yet for these Things know thine Almighty King,  
 Will thee arraign and into Judgment bring,"

Ye

Ye Worldly Wife! who prostitute your Breath  
 T' obtain those Honours incident to Death,  
 Tho' you with Tongues of Men and Angels speak,  
 Tho' Elders listen when you Silence break,  
 Your Eloquence capacious Volumes swell,  
 Myst'ries unravel and Events foretel,  
 Yet, void of heav'nly Wisdom, those shall pass  
 As tinkling Cymbals, or as sounding Brass.  
 Be wise indeed, nor build with Pains your Fame,  
 Wherewhile some Men approve, some others blame,  
 And raise your Fabrick on a nobler Plan  
 Than the Opinion of capricious Man.  
 For should bright Wit and sterling Sense unite  
 The undivided Plaudit to excite,  
 Know ye, those Parts which worldly Men applaud,  
 Is Folly in the perfect Sight of God;  
 Who does the self-sufficient Mind desert,  
 And for his Mansion chuse the humble Heart;  
 This Residence being, in his holy Eyes,  
 Second to none, and Rival to the Skies\*;

Ye Strong and Healthful, Heirs to Beds of Dust,  
 Who in your Nerves and Sinews put your Trust,  
 Learn hence (that tho' you unimpair'd remain  
 From inward Anguish or exterior Pain)  
 Th' Almighty Power who out of Chaos brought,  
 Can in an Instant sink thee into nought.  
 No longer then Omnipotence withstand,  
 Obnoxious Creature of his forming Hand!  
 Who knows the Number of the Stars of Heav'n,  
 And calls them by the Names himself has giv'n;  
 He rules the Winds, the swelling Flood commands,  
 And holds them in the Hollow of his Hands.  
 At his Direction rapid Light'ning flies,  
 And Thunders rumble thro' th' vaulted Skies,  
 Earthquakes embogue, and Storm or Flame devour,  
 Sped by the Breath of his vindictive Pow'r.  
 He actuates too thy Frame, governs thy Breath,  
 And but a Step hath plac'd 'twixt thee and Death \*.

\* " There is but a Step betwixt thee and Death."---  
 The Text of an awful Discourse, delivered by Mr. *Walker* at the Funeral of a young Man, who was drowned  
 bathing on a *Sunday*.



Thus did this Christian Hero wage, thro' Life,  
 With Sin and Vice an unabating Strife,  
 The strait Ascent to Heav'n unvarying trod,  
 And still went forth, in the great Pow'r of God,  
 To comfort the Oppress'd, 'th' Intrepid wound,  
 And shed the Waters of Salvation round.  
 His solid Reas'nings, wing'd with holy Zeal,  
 The dead in Trespasses and Sins did feel;  
 He caus'd the Blind to gaze on open Day,  
 And chas'd the Clouds of Ignorance away.  
 Lepers he brought to cleanse in *Jesu's* Blood,  
 And Babes instructed in the Law of God.  
 In Public did the bold Offender call,  
 And in his Closet taught the seeking Soul;  
 All those athirst for Righteousness he took,  
 To quench their Drought in *Jordan's* limpid Brook;  
 The Hungry unto Pastures fair he led,  
 Where they their famish'd Souls on Manna fed,  
 Which heav'nly Nature to the Spirit yields,  
 And ever springs in *Canaan's* fertile Fields;  
Thither,

Thither, from baneful Dews and pinching Cold,  
 This faithful Herdsman drew his Sheep to Fold,  
 Guarded with Care, and watch'd them on the Way,  
 Left from the Path their erring Feet should stray.  
 Distinguish'd Flock, with such a Shepherd blest,  
 Sure Guide, safe Pilot, to eternal Rest :  
 Thrice happy those who made his Rules their Choice,  
 And chearfully obey'd his well known Voice,  
 Who will present them undefil'd to Heav'n,  
 Saying, " here I am, and these whom thou hast giv'n."  
 The glorious King receives them to his Peace,  
 And bids his faithful Steward's Joys increase ;  
 In swelling Tides of Bliss which know no Bound,  
 Thro' vast Eternity's amazing Round,  
 Exquisite, varying, to delight his Soul,  
 Who did the airy Prince's Pow'rs controul,  
 From their strong Holds his rebel League expel,  
 Trampled on Sin, and triumph'd over Hell.

---

THE  
LORD's PRAYER,  
PARAPHRASED.

**R**EGENT of Heav'n! wherein thou art,  
Father of all below ;

From thee to every filial Heart

What plenteous Pleasures flow ?

Let lowly Reverence possess,

And holy Zeal inflame

Our Hearts, when we draw nigh to blefs

Thine ever-hallow'd Name :

Which be from henceforth ne'er profan'd,

Nor idly us'd in vain ;

But to declare thy Glory great,

Thy mystic Love explain.

Who

Who hears our Prayers, Petitions grants,

Alleviates Nature's Strife ;

Our Sorrows feels, knows all our Wants,

And holds our Souls in Life.

With Hell's strong Legions strait contend,

Rescue the human Race ;

To Earth's remotest Corners send

The Kingdom of thy Grace :

The Number of thy Saints complete,

Recall each Wanderer Home ;

*Satan* and Sin subdue, and let

Thy glorious Kingdom come.

In Earth, as in the Realms on high,

Whilst Days their Courses run,

Let none against thy Will reply,

Thy Pleasure Lord be done.

Whose Thoughts are not like those of Men,

For in thy holy Sight

The Heav'ns appear unclean ; sure then,

Whate'er thou wilt it is right.

Our



Our daily Sustainance provide

This Day, Sin's Pow'r controul ;

And let thy Peace within abide,

To nourish every Soul.

Those Crimes which drain'd a Saviour's Blood,

And loud for Vengeance cry,

Forgive, for tho' they in Magnitude

With ponderous Mountains vie ;

As we towards our Brother move,

Whose Breaſt with Rage does burn,

Striving to quench his Hate with Love,

And Good for Ill return :

This, of ourselves, we can't atchieve,

But thro' thy Grace from hence

Refrains us, that we never give,

Nor lightly take Offence.

From rife Temptation's powerful Charm

With-hold thy erring Sheep,

From Evil by thy mighty Arm,

Our Souls and Bodies keep.

N

The

The Kingdom's thine, above, below,

Thine is the regal Seat,

And more than all e'en Seraphs know

Of potent, high, and great.

We'll greet each Morning with thy Praise,

At Night renew the same ;

And everlasting Trophies raise

To thine all glorious Name ;

Whilst Heav'n's applauding Saints combine

To mix with Mortals, when

They with united Voices join

The general *Amen*.

---

A  
SOLILOQUY; or PARAPHRASE

ON THE

C R E E D.

I Am not doom'd to roam forlorn,

Or seek my Rest abroad,

Being an Heir of Glory born\*,

Whilst I *believe in God*;

To whom I freely may repair

In each retir'd Distress,

Upon him cast my every Care,

He'll all my Wants redress:

*The Father*, not of Christ alone

His uncreated Son,

Co-partner of th' eternal Throne

Before all Worlds begun:

\* The New Birth, or Spiritual Re-generation.

But he to me did Breath convey,

And fabricate my Frame :

Out of wild Chaos brought my Clay,

And made me what I am.

Of Reason and each earthly Good,

Thro' him I am possess'd ;

Hunger, in Dread, may leave her Food ;

The Suckling at her Breast,

Forfake the unnat'ral Mother might ;

But God's paternal Thought

Will ne'er forget, nor even flight,

The Work his Hands have wrought.

With Confidence his Pow'r Ill trust

Beyond the gloomy Grave,

Who'll keep my Bones, preserve my Dust,

*Almighty* is to save :

Nothing's too hard for the Supreme,

Who gave Creation Birth ;

The Pow'rs of Hell bow down to him,

*Maker of Heaven and Earth.*

None



None help'd (to lay this wond'rous Plan)

The Architect divine ;

He form'd the Angels, call'd forth Man,

And caus'd the Sun to shine

By Day, at Eve bid *Luna* rise

T' illume from Pole to Pole ;

Spread the Circumference of the Skies

And beautify'd the Whole.

In orient Clouds, of various Hue,

Array'd the Morning's Light ;

With glitt'ring Stars on Æther blue,

Diversify'd the Night.

The Earth, Beasts, Fishes, once were nought,

The limpid Stream that flows,

He will'd, and quick as instant Thought,

All into Being 'rose.

Instinct on Creatures of each Kind

His Goodness did bestow,

To Man he gave a reasoning Mind,

And made him Lord below ;

Placing

Placing this Work, the most approv'd,

In *Eden's* Groves to dwell,

Lower than Angels, but belov'd

By him almost as well;

Such Power to Man he did convey,

Such absolute Command,

That Bears and Wolves, those Beasts of Prey,

Crouch'd to their Master's Hand;

Each bore the Name he on it laid,

All own'd his Sovereign Pow'r,

And Angels constant Visits paid

To *Eden's* blisful Bower.

Thus Man with heavenly Converse blest'd,

(From Fear and Dangers free)

Stood, 'till he pluck'd the fatal Fruit

From the forbidden Tree,

Thence tainted with a Crime so foul,

He fell a Prey to Care,

God's Image stain'd from his Soul,

And left him naked there.

Yet

Yet Mercy even on that Day,  
 He broke the high Command,  
 Her healing Banners did display,  
*And* swift Redemption plann'd.  
 Offended Justice cou'd survey  
 No Sacrifice but One,  
*In Jesus Christ* Remission lay,  
 Who was *his only Son*.  
 What Pity then did him incline,  
 Who pour'd (for Sin t' atone)  
 A sacred Stream of Blood divine,  
 And made the Godhead groan.  
 Th' amazing Sound, 'mongst Angels high,  
 Thro' Heav'n's whole Concave ran,  
 That their eternal Prince wou'd die  
 T' expunge the Guilt of Man.  
 Thro' Bondage, Pilgrimage, and Thrall,  
 (Cloth'd in our Mortal Clay)  
 To every true believing Soul  
 Eternal Life convey.

Then

Then can I doubt that perfect Love,

Which laid by Glory's Crown,

Awhile forsook the Courts above,

And brought Salvation down,

To Men his Kindness went abate,

Whilst we our Off'rings bring,

To our prevailing Advocate,

Prophet, High Priest, and King;

Who was conceived in the Womb,

(Propitiation meet

For Sin) t' avert our rigid Doom,

And Satan's Snares defeat.

He by the Holy Ghost was wrought,

Born of the Virgin bright,

Pure Mary, free from Stain or Spot,

In Heav'n's approving Sight.

Hence, Glory broke on human Kind,

Its Nature to refine,

By this mysterious Act conjoin'd,

And blended with Divine;

Form'd



Form'd of the tenderest Texture sure,

With Feelings nicely keen,

All human Woes he came t' endure,

Yet was exempt from Sin :

With Sorrows press'd, and free from Fault,

No Guile distain'd his Tongue,

His lab'ring Mind and constant Thought

On Man's Salvation hung ;

*He suffered*, this to bring to pass,

To be despis'd, contemn'd,

And, *under Pontius Pilate*, was

Convicted and condemn'd ;

By cruel Men that Blood was fought,

Which is our Fountain Head,

To *Calv'ry's* Mount our Lord was brought,

As Beasts to Slaughter led ;

To make his Ambassage complete,

There *He was crucified*,

Rough Nails pierc'd thro' his Hands and Feet,

A Spear his tortur'd Side !

O

Yet

Yet then, for those who plann'd his Death,

Earnest with Heav'n he strove,

His Bosom to his latest Breath

O'erflow'd with pardoning Love ;

Th' repentant Criminal he cheers,

" Sinner this Day with me,

" Dispel thy Doubts, dismiss thy Fears,

" In Glory thou shalt be !"

My Soul no other Hope shall know,

No other Help my need,

Than him from whom such Acts did flow,

As prov'd him God indeed.

Those Thorns which his mild Temples tore,

That excruciating Pain,

Those rending Agonies he bore,

No Mortal could sustain ;

Yet no Revenge did he require,

But universal Love,

With soft Compassion did inspire,

And wing'd his Prayer above :

Receiving

Receiving Vinegar and Gall

From the invet'rate Crew,

" 'Tis finish'd, Lord ! forgive them all,

" They know not what they do !"

Tho' they reviled, scoff'd, and sneer'd,

Nought the meek Lamb reply'd,

Till the fix'd Hour he persever'd,

Then bow'd his Head and died.

*Dead* was the Lord of Life and Peace,

Who gives Heav'n's Sons their Birth,

Sudden the Course of Nature ceas'd,

Convulsions shook the Earth ;

Rent was the Temple's Veil on high,

Terror on Mortals hurl'd,

Tremendous Clouds of darkest Dye

Enwrap'd the tott'ring World !

Earth's inmost Bowels were disclos'd,

The Graves expanded wide ;

The Bodies of the Saints arose,

Fear fell on every Side.

Smiting their Breasts, th' astonish'd Crowd

In wild Confusion ran,

And *Jefus Christ* proclaim'd aloud

To be both God and Man !

O sweet Reflection ! soothing Sound !

The Lord gave up his Breath,

T' embalm the Mansions under Ground,

And gild the Vale of Death !

*And buried* was, Mankind to free

From dread Corruption's spell,

From which, to raise our Bodies, *He*

*Descended into Hell.*

That Pardon all the Sons of Men,

A second Life might have,

*On the third Day he rose again,*

And triumph'd o'er the Grave.

The meanest Member shall partake

This with their living Head,

Death's Fetters break, Earth's Womb forsake,

Triumphant *from the Dead,*

Return,



Return, t' receive the bright Reward,

Which shall to each be giv'n,

Who all forsook, obey'd the Lord,

And trod the Path to Heav'n:

When he ascended, who such Deeds

Of Grace and Peace had wrought,

That Transport of Delight exceeds

All reach of Human Thought,

Which by Saint, Angel, Cherubim,

And Seraphim was shewn,

To greet their great all-conquering King,

Returning to his Throne;

Who, at his Chariot-Wheels, had led

Captivity enslav'd

Terror and Shame o'er Belial spread,

And helpless Mortals sav'd

From Beelzebub's devouring Sway,

Within whose dark Domains,

His Range he bound, confirm'd his Stay,

And riveted his Chains.

Hence

Hence all who on his Name rely,  
 Shall, when Life's Struggles end,  
 Th' infernal Pow'rs combin'd defy,  
 And where he is ascend.  
*He sitteth* now, in glorious State,  
*At the right Hand of God,*  
 Having resum'd his native Seat,  
 And primitive Abode;  
 The Veil wherein he hid below  
 His Majesty, thrown by;  
 Forth from his Presence Pleasures flow,  
 Thro' all the Blifs on high;  
 Where he such Mansions does provide,  
 Such radiant Robes prepare,  
 For those who in his Faith abide,  
 As dims all Human Glare:  
 Still with *the Father*, instant he  
 Does for us intercede,  
*Almighty* Mercy sets us free,  
 And we are free indeed.

No Boon's too great to be desir'd,

Too precious to be given,

Sought thro' so constant, kind, untir'd,

And pow'rful Friend in Heav'n.

Then Fears, Distrust, and Doubting hence,

No more my Soul annoy ;

For *Jesus* is my Confidence,

Present and future Joy.

Strong-hold, which I'll not quit, but trust

His Promise firm and sure ;

Then, when my Frame returns to Dust,

He'll keep my Soul secure.

Our frail Complaints he deigns to hear,

'Midst Sounds of Seraphs bright,

And stoops t' accept the fervent Prayer,

From Heav'n's transcendent Height.

*From thence he shall come forth in State,*

With flowing Garments red,

Whilst glorious Angels round him wait,

*To judge the Quick and Dead.*

I shall

I shall behold him on the Throne,  
 To portion out my Lot,  
 Who did for all my Sins atone,  
 And wash'd out ev'ry Spot.  
 Alone, exalted, in that Hour,  
 Will be the Saviour mild;  
 Who o'er my Crimes his Blood did pour,  
 And Justice reconcil'd.  
 Me, whom he ransom'd, He'll receive,  
 Amongst the Heav'nly Host,  
 Because, unwavering, *I believe*  
 Firm in the Holy Ghost;  
 The Lord, and Counsellor divine,  
 The Comforter, whereby,  
 Whilst in our Souls his Presence shine,  
 We, " Abba Father," cry.  
 Infusion breath'd from Sion's Hill,  
 To guide our Steps aright,  
 Incline to Good, restrain from Ill  
 And point to Realms of Light.

Celestial



Celestial Inmate still draw near,

Prefide o'er all my Heart;

Govern each secret Movement there,

Nor e'er thy Charge desert.

Kindled by thine enliv'ning Rays,

Thy animating Fires;

The Embers of Devotion blaze,

And ev'ry Thought aspires.

Unless thy Fellowship divine,

The Heart of Man shou'd taste,

The Soul would droop, despond, and pine,

A Desert barren Waste.

Wanting the Unison likewise,

Imperfect e'en would be,

The Deity o'er Earth and Skies,

The self-existent Three.

Source of those high and ample Tow'rs,

Structures which cannot fail;

And 'gainst which all the daring Pow'rs

Of Hell shall not prevail.

*The Holy Catholic Church* sublime,

Planted by sovereign Love,

To waft each Member safe thro' Time,

To join the Head above ;

O'er which, the Sun of Righteousness,

With pure resplendent Light,

Rises those Errors to dismiss,

That cloud our mortal Sight ;

Throughout which, to Earth's utmost Bounds,

The humble fervent Prayer

United, in one Concord sounds,

And strikes the Saviour's Ear ;

Who all the humble Zeal and Love,

Prayers, Praises, and Complaints,

Which rise from *the Communion* of

His persevering *Saints*,

Bears to the general God of all,

Who kindly does accord,

T' attend the Suit of Great and Small,

Made thro' their common Lord.

No

No Terrors can that Faith dismay

Which doth on him rely,

He *the Forgiveness* will convey

Of Sins of deepest Dye.

Their Reign despotic dispossess,

Their Furrows clean erase,

Thro' his imputed Righteousness

And all-sufficient Grace :

Which to the natural Heart renew,

Does in large Currents flow,

And washes Crimes of Crimson Hue

As white as new fall'n Snow :

So as the Poles remotely stand,

And Earth's stretch'd Bound'ries keep,

Between lie countless Tracts of Land,

And the unfathom'd Deep ;

Where the whole World of Waters wide,

In Swelling Surges roll ;

So far shall he all Guilt divide,

And sep'rate from my Soul.

In the great *Refurrection* Hour,  
 When all beneath the Skies,  
 With ev'ry former active Pow'r  
 Shall of the *Body* rise.  
 Earth, Sea, and Flame, at once return,  
 All faithful to their Trust,  
 The latent Prey, the long held Urn,  
 And ev'ry scatter'd Dust,  
 Then rais'd to Glory, ever new,  
 All Clouds of Frailty flown,  
 We Face to Face the Lord shall view,  
 And know as we are known.  
 Who brought us thro' Time's boisterous Main,  
 Safe to that peaceful Shore,  
 Where Persecution, Sicknes, Pain,  
 And Death, shall be no more.  
 There join'd to the Harmonious Throng,  
 Which chant incessant Praise,  
 And still renew the grateful Song  
 In soft responsive Lays.



In those extatic Regions plac'd,

Where clust'ring Raptures grow;

The Pleasures *and the* Life to taste,

Angels and Seraphs know.

Subject to neither End nor Change,

Our Joys shall know no Bound;

Whilst in Eternity we range,

An *everlasting* Round.

Life everlasting? O! my Soul,

Thy ev'ry Pow'r extend,

Of this unmeasurable whole,

The Sound to comprehend.

Say when Ten Thousand Years of Joy

Have run their circ'ling Round;

Will that thy Term of Bliss annoy!

Or its Duration wound;

Or when thereon whole Ages roll,

And in Progression stand

Num'rous as Stars from Pole to Pole,

And countless as the Sand

Which

Which loads the Margin of the Sea,  
 Increasing still to View?  
 E'en so,—and much more endless they  
 Their Courses shall renew.  
 Fruition here shall never cloy  
 The Strength, nor Pow'rs abate  
 Those springing Pleasures to enjoy,  
 Which ne'er shall terminate,  
 Whilst each delighted Tongue & adore  
 In Shouts of Praise, accord  
 The King who reigns for evermore,  
 Amen, so be it, Lord.

---

P A R A P H R A S E

ON THE

TEN COMMANDMENTS.

**R**ESPLENDENT Rays of daz'ling Light

Forth from its Fountain broke,

Upon the astonish'd Patriarch's Sight,

When God to Mortal spoke ;

Who to Mount *Sinai's* Top, the Place

Directed, did ascend,

Saw the Almighty Face to Face,

And talk'd as Friend to Friend.

Tho' Light'nings flash'd, and Thunders loud

Convuls'd the quaking Ground,

*Moses* approach'd the smoking Cloud,

Whilst *Israel* trembled round.

With

With the shrill Trumpet's sacred Sound,

Jehovah then began,

In glorious Pomp to usher down

His perfect Law to Man.

" I am the Lord, who rescu'd thee

From *Pharaoh's* cruel Hand,

Thy God, who set from Bondage free.

And out of *Egypt's* Land

Thee brought, with Liberty to bless;

My Name henceforth avow;

I.

No other Gods but Me confess;

Unto no other bow.

II.

No graven Images shall share

Thy Worship, Fear, or Love,

Like aught that in the Waters are,

In Earth, or Heav'n above.

Nor



Nor vain Idolatry debase

Thy Soul, nor cloud thy Sight ;

Nor Gods, inferior in my Place,

Thy Services invite.

For of mine Honour, jealous I,

The Lord thy God am grown ;

The Father's daring Sins shall lie

Upon the Children down.

Thro' distant Ages them pursue,

That hate my Laws and Name ;

Whilst Mercy I to Thousands shew,

Who love and keep the same.

III.

From impious Use, profane and bold,

Of God's high Name refrain ;

Thy Lord will not him guiltless hold

Who taketh it in vain.

## IV.

The Seventh's th' Sabbath Day, therein

For endless Rest prepare,

Divest thee of each darling Sin,

And every worldly Care.

Be cleans'd from all polluted Spots;

In secret and abroad,

Speak not thy Words, nor think thy Thoughts,

But do the Work of God.

Six Days thy Labours to pursue,

The Lord thy God allows;

The Seventh, the Sacrifice renew

Of thine unfeigned Vows.

Whereon by thou, thy Servants, Kine,

Thy Stranger, Daughter, Son,

And all within the Gates of thine,

No Labour shall be done.

For why? The Lord made in six Days

The spacious Heav'ns and Earth,

Sun, Moon, and Stars, gather'd the Seas,

And gave all Creatures Birth:

Their

Their Stations fix'd, plac'd Night and Day

In their alternate Rounds,

And caus'd the fluctuating Sea

To know her settled Bounds.

The Seventh Day, the Lord did rest,

And gave his Labours o'er ;

To all Mankind this Season bless'd,

And hallow'd evermore.

V.

Unto thy Parents Honour due,

And filial Reverence pay,

Their Precepts mind, their Rules pursue,

And their Commands obey.

So shall thy Days unclouded stand,

Exempt from Blame, and be

Of long Duration in the Land,

Thy God doth give to thee.

VI.

Another's Life thou shalt not seek,  
Nor with his Days decrease;  
Nor by injurious Treatment break,  
Nor wound thy Neighbour's Peace.

VII.

From ev'ry lewd lascivious Thought  
Back let thy Mind recede;  
And keep thy Soul from the foul Spot  
Of an Adult'rous Deed.

VIII.

What is another's Property  
Steal not, nor yet destroy;  
With Peace, all that's bestow'd on thee,  
And Gratitude, enjoy.

IX.

Forth from thy Lips no Evidence  
Unjust, nor false shall flow,  
Tho' to revenge the worst Offence  
Of thy most deadly Foe.

X. Whate'er



## X.

Whate'er thy Neighbour doth possess,

House, Servants, Wife, or Kine,

Let not thy secret Thoughts confess

A Wish, aught's his were thine."

Thus we receiv'd Heav'n's great Command,

To th' Patriarch's Care alone

Committed, wrought by God's own Hand

Upon the yielding Stone ;

Which to the holy Impress true ;

The sacred Stamp retains,

And holds a Roll to Mortals' View

Which Life and Death explains.

But who amongst the Human Race,

Since Time its Course begun,

Cou'd stand before God's awful Face,

And say, " All this I've done."

By

By Nature all imperfect we,

And numerous are our Faults ;

Great Lord ! in Mercy set us free,

And cleanse our secret Thoughts.

To thee our inmost Hearts are bare,

And known is each Desire ;

O ! breathe thy holy Spirit there,

And perfect Love inspire,

To thee and thy Commands divine,

That Path which leads on high,

Where never-ceasing Joys combine,

Which Time and Change defy :

Obtain'd by *Christ*, the Prince of Peace,

Thro' Nature's weary Strife,

To crown our Fruit to Holiness

With everlasting Life.

**T E D E U M.**

**W** I T H Praise we here approach thy Throne,  
And joyfully accord  
T' acknowledge thee, O God, alone  
The everlasting Lord ;  
Father whom all the Earth doth serve,  
Heav'n's Powers, all Angels high,  
Whom Cherubin and Seraphin,  
Unceasing magnify ;  
Crying,

Crying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord  
Of Sabaoth, God and King,

And the extended Earth abroad

Doth with Hosannas ring :

Thro' which the faithful Saints declare

The Glories of thy Name,

And the wing'd Warblers of the Air,

Re-echo back thy Fame.

Those Mansions where blest Spirits dwell,

With Shouts of Praise resound,

And all the Tribes conspire to swell

The glad Majestic Sound.

The Apostles' glorious Company,

And holy Prophets join,

T' attune their grateful Notes to Thee

In Melody divine.

Likewise the noble Army there,

Who all thy Foes withstood,

Did Martyrdom undaunted bear,

And sealed their Faith with Blood.

The



The holy Church throughout the Earth,

Thy Glory doth proclaim,

Infinite Father, who gave Birth

To Majesty supreme.

From Sin's fell Curse, to set us free,

Thou gav'st, and didst not spare

This, of thy Truth and Verity,

Hereditary Heir.

We do the Holy Ghost confess,

The Comforter benign ;

Who from the Soul all Doubts doth chase

With Influence divine.

From Thee, O *Christ* ! what Blessings spring,

What Wonders hast thou done,

Of all thy Father's Glory King,

His everlasting Son.

When Man incurr'd th' eternal Pain,

Of Sin, the certain Doom ;

To free him, thou didst not disdain

The humble Virgin's Womb.

R

Death's

Death's sharpest Pangs thou didst abide,

Its poignant Sting withdraw,

Then open to Believers wide

The Gates of Heav'n didst throw

Encompass'd in his Glory bright,

At the Right Hand of God

Thou fittest, cloath'd with dazzling Light,

And Angels wait thy Nod.

Attended by that radiant Train,

Thy Kingdom to complete ;

We know that thou shalt come again,

And fill the Judgment Seat.

Humbly we at thy Footstool bend,

Behold us Lord, we pray ;

Thy Pity to our Souls extend ;

Turn not thine Ears away.

Thy Servants help, redeeming Blood

As purifying Rain

Dispense, nor let that precious Flood

Be pour'd for them in vain :

But

But in the Number of thy Saints,

Lord, let their Names be found ;

Where Pleasure banishes Complaints,

And endless Joys abound

Save all thy People who alone

Repose their Trust in Thee ;

And bless thine Heritage, who own

No other God but Thee.

Govern, and by thy Spirit draw,

And Guide them with thine Eye,

And lift them up from every Foe,

And every Danger nigh.

For ever ; whilst from Day to Day

Thy Praises we'll resound,

And never-ending Worship pay

Thro' Space which knows no Bound.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us clear

This Day from Sin's Controul ;

Let thy blest Inspiration chear,

And renovate each Soul.

Aborb our Faults in Love divine,

From Bondage set us free,

And let thy Mercy o'er us shine

E'en as we trust in Thee.

O Lord I trust alone in Thee,

On Thee my Hope is stay'd;

Draw near, and let me never be

Confounded nor dismay'd.



# THOUGHTS

ON THE CERTAINTY OF

## A FUTURE STATE.

ADDRESSED TO

A FREE THINKER.

**T**HOSE who no future Hope nor Fear confess,  
No Hell to punish, and no Heav'n to blefs,  
Self-confident and daring stand aloof,  
Avoid Instruction, and despise Reproof;  
Each solemn Bond of *Christian* Faith explode,]  
Renounce their Saviour, and abjure their God;  
Audaciously his awful Name invoke,  
And turn the sacred Records to a Joke;

Which

Which they peruse to aid their vain Discourse,  
 And wrest, to give their impious Reas'nings Force,  
 By wantonly inverting its Design,  
 And contradicting all it does enjoin :  
 Term it a Subject, emptier than the Wind,  
 A Bugbear suited to the tim'rous Mind ;  
 Fit only for th' enthusiastic Ear,  
 What none but such shou'd condescend to hear :  
 Not those who nobly on themselves rely,  
 To-day to Revel, and To-morrow Die ;  
 Quitting their Prospects when Life's Frolick's o'er,  
 For when they're laid in Dust they'll rise no more.  
 Tenets like those, deluded Wretch ! are thine,  
 Sworn Foe to all that's Holy and Divine ;  
 Proficient in the Atheistic School,  
 Opposer strong of every *Christian* Rule ;  
 Slave to the Caprice of a vicious Mind,  
 Which Reason does not sway, nor Honour bind :  
 T' Oppression eager, to strict Justice flow,  
 Falshoods from thee in constant Currents flow.  
 For

For why? The present Hour being all thy Care,  
Thou think'st alike of Perjury and Pray'r.

To what Extremes may not that Heart incline,  
Uncurb'd by Laws, or moral or divine;

(E'en plain Morality thou scorn'st, for fear  
It should too much the Garb of Virtue wear)

When an hereafter's banish'd from the Soul,  
And it breaks loose from Virtue's mild Controul.

Passion and Pride usurp the vacant Seat,  
Malignant Envy, and vindictive Heat :

What Mischiefs may such Principles devise?  
From thence what Ills to Church and State arise?

If Means present to make a People groan,  
And Monarch sit unsafe upon his Throne,

Void of the Fear of God, nought wou'd them stay,  
When Lusts excite, and Interest gilds their Way.

Allegiance due can't to a King be giv'n

By those who brave the Majesty of Heav'n,

And breaks each Human Tie, and prudent Plan,

Form'd to cement, and rivet Man to Man :

But

But whilst from Crime to Crime you rapid go,  
 And Head-long rush to everlasting Woe;  
 Sunk in Intemperance, deep immers'd in Sin,  
 Is there no Fear? no secret Check within?  
 Does Conscience never exercise her Pow'rs,  
 And thunder loudly in thy Midnight Hours?  
 Or dost thou bravely still her Force repress?  
 And stifle in Debauch'ry and Excess,  
 That envious Guest, which fain wou'd intervene,  
 To interrupt the present Halcyon Scene?  
 That Treasury where thou hoardest all thy Bliss;  
 Trusting to know no other World than this:  
 Mistaken Soul! back from the Brink of Hell  
 Retreat! reflect 'gainst whom thou dost rebel!  
 Cast round thine Eyes, above, below, abroad,  
 Nature itself will guide thee to a God;  
 Whose plenteous Fountain open'd wide for Sin,  
 And spotted Lepers bid to plunge therein.  
 He by his omnipotent Self hath sworn,  
 T' accept the Sinner when he will return.

Then



Then Pardon humbly sue, Mercy implore,  
 Before the swift-wing'd Day of Grace is o'er :  
 For sure as thou survey'st the spacious Earth,  
 Sure as a *Something* gave Creation Birth,  
 Sure as the radiant Sun lights up the Morn,  
 And fainter Beams the milder Eve adorn ;  
 Sure as one Season for the next makes way,  
 Or Day gives place to Night, and Night to Day,  
 So sure Eternity shall Time succeed,  
 And thou be call'd t'account for ev'ry Deed ;  
 Which, tho' envelop'd from the Sight of Man,  
 The omni-present Eye of Heav'n doth scan ;  
 Knows thy Effays, strict Justice to defeat,  
 Thy Balance false, and all thy Weights deceit.  
 He sees thee wallowing on th' adulterous Bed,  
 Whilst Darkness shadows thy irreverent Head  
 From human Eyes, thence does thy Steps survey,  
 And read'st thy Thoughts when musing, to betray  
 Thy base Attempts, to injure and undoe,  
 And Perfidies are open to his View :

S

Who

Who hears thee fallſely brand thy Neighbour's Name,  
 Traduce e'en Angel's, and the Saints defame;  
 Swift to their Gaol thy fleeting Days do run,  
 And quickly will thy Thread of Life be spun.  
 That Frame ſhall ſleep in Death's encircling Arms,  
 And the gay World be loſt with all her Charms;  
 Yet thy immortal Soul no Sleep ſhall know,  
 But wake and gaze, whether it wou'd or no.  
 Then ſhalt thou ſee, unveil'd, thoſe heav'nly Bow'rs,  
 Its numerous Hoſts, and all th' Angelic Pow'rs;  
 Which to ſupport thy wild ludicrous Theme,  
 Thou now declar'ſt to be a Dotard's Dream,  
 Or Fancy, which the taſteleſs Soul purſues,  
 And Gowns-men urge for mercenary Views,  
 Thou alſo ſhalt behold a yawning Hell,  
 Where Devils and infernal Spirits dwell;  
 And wretched Souls howl in Deſpair and Grief,  
 For Life and Death ſhut up in Unbelief:  
 No middle State appears 'twixt Blifs and Pain;  
 In one of thoſe thy Lot is to remain

For

For ever ! O what agonizing Smart !

What Terrors will assail thy trembling Heart ?

And Storms of Heav'n's vindictive Thunder roll,

Across thine heretofore-unshaken Soul.

If thou shou'd'st die in unremitted Sin,

The God thou trod'st on, will not take thee in ;

That Saviour who so oft, now in the Flesh,

Thy bold Offences crucify afresh,

Will then withhold his purifying Blood,

And from thy Soul, restrain the crimson Flood.

Now with extended Arms, he waits for Thee,

Crying, Return, why persecut'st thou Me ?

Repentance to no future Time postpone ;

For while you hesitate, the Hour comes on :

Death, as a Thief, when Slumbers bind the Guard,

Steals on the obstinately unprepar'd.

Then all Attempts will be in vain to save

Thy Soul ; there's no Repentance in the Grave ;

Haste then thyself to God to reconcile,

Leave off to do so wickedly and vile ;

For

For Injuries to Heav'n and Man, restore,  
And with high Hand transgress again no more;  
Then thou in Peace shalt close thy mortal Eyes,  
And meet Eternity without Surprize.

F I N I S

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